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From a Photograph by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street.

PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK, BETROTHED TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Authors' Club seems on the road to be an accomplished fact. It is justly argued that, whereas at present every calling and profession has its club, Literature has nowhere to lay its head and recuperate itself. There is the Athenæum, indeed, but its members, if one may say so without irreverence, are a "scratch lot," with many "scientists" and divines in it. The fact of those two classes lying down, or, at least, sitting down, together in amity (or the appearance of it) should do away with the apprehensions some have expressed that authors and critics could never exist peacefully under the same roof. The critics who sign their names to their lucubrations will probably require police protection, but they are not very numerous. It is proposed that the Authors' Club shall consist of 600 members, perhaps out of compliment to the Charge of the Light Brigade; let us hope they will be more successful in keeping up their numbers. One is glad to see that the circumstance of his having written a book, however successful, will not necessarily qualify a man for the new institution; he must also be "clubbable."

In spite of many cynical statements to the contrary, the conversation of men of letters is, upon the whole, more agreeable than that of those of any other calling, and one sees no reason why the Authors' Club should not be a social success. Let us hope that it will not be a "late hour" club; this would have the same ill effects upon its stability as high play has on that of a card club.

It is said that some people "will argue about anything," but everybody will dispute a will that has been made to their disadvantage. A testatrix, the other day, was accused of not being of sound mind because she wept over a donkey. Sterne did it, we know, whose mind was sound enough, whatever may have been amiss with his morals; and with women there is no weakness more common. One has known them to imagine donkeys to be gifted with great intelligence and to pay their debts for them again and again. But in this case the animal was four-footed. The lady's affection for him was not, however, like that of Titania: she did not kiss his large soft ears and call him "my gentle joy," but only commiserated him. He browsed in a neighbouring meadow, which, perhaps, was damp and low-lying, and there caught bronchitis, and the kind woman "invited him into her own field, and attended to him." He afterwards became so fond of her that, without any more material attachment, he followed her wherever she went. Her husband's favourite dog she also caused to be buried in his grave. Upon these evidences of a sentimental disposition it was sought—one is glad to think without success—to establish that she was not in her right mind.

In old times there was very little tenderness for animals unless they were exceptionally teachable, whereby money was to be made out of them. Scaliger tells us how young elephants were taught to dance. They were placed on floors that had been heated from underneath, and "to the sound of the cittern and the tabor," they lifted their poor feet, "out of small desire to dance, but from the heat of the floor"; afterwards, from habit, they lifted their feet whenever they heard the music. "At the King of Spain's Court," says Balthazar Castillon de Anlico (and a gentleman with such a name can hardly be suspected of lying), "there was a monkey very skilful at chess"; also a parrot that could sing the gamut perfectly. "If at any time he was out, he would say 'No va bueno' (Not well), and on repairing his error 'Bueno va' (Now it goes well)." But the cleverest creatures (as regards the profit they made) were the two crows which, when Augustus and Antony were abroad fighting, a poor but prudent citizen of Rome taught to salute, the one "Augustus" and the other "Antony." This man, when Augustus returned, met him, crow on wrist, when the bird came out quite pat with his "Salve, Cæsar, victor, imperator!" which so delighted that potentate that he gave twenty thousand deniers for the bird. Fortunately, he never met the other crow. It is satisfactory to reflect that we have many descendants of this ingenious citizen to-day in England.

At last the much-debated subject of whether the bagpipes were played at Lucknow, or not, may be considered to be settled. Inspector-General Jee, V.C., has interviewed the actual piper, and found that he did play the pipes—not, of course, in the streets, but within hearing of the garrison. The whole matter is one of the most curious of "historic doubts," because of the crowd of witnesses still alive who have testified both for and against. Every lover of romance must be pleased with the result of the inquiry, for, of course, since the pipes were played, Jessie Brown heard them. For my part, I always thought the persons who denied it were rather grudging and morose individuals. Why should not the poor girl hear the pipes, if she liked them (which is a mere matter of taste)? I remember sympathising with her with my whole young heart when she cried, with a vehemence only to be rivalled by a housekeeper in winter when the thaw comes, "The pipes! the pipes!" and brought down the house, and me, at Astley's. I should have liked to see the man in pit or gallery who would have ventured to question the authenticity of the incident there.

It is very good advice to tell folks that they ought to read the books on which the seal of approbation has been set by Time itself, but this system should not be carried out too exclusively. It is a mistake not to dip occasionally—we will not say into modern literature, because some people deny there is such a thing, but—into the daily papers. It is well to learn from them how this poor world is waning, and now and then we even find something in them to our advantage. A coloured woman in Missouri has been working without wages for the last quarter of a century, through neglect of this precaution. She never happened to hear it said that slavery had

been abolished, and her master saw no reason why he should enlighten her on the subject. This is not the only case of the kind, for I remember to have read of a precisely similar one in New Orleans: perhaps it is the same old lady, who has changed her "State." One can, however, conceive the thing as perfectly possible: in an out-of-the-way part of the country, with an ignorant negress and a dishonest master for *dramatis personæ*, such a farce could be played for almost any time—for the manager's benefit.

There have been many speculations, not in very good taste, hazarded in the public prints respecting the succession to the Laureateship. In politics it is usual enough to nominate a candidate to take the place of a sitting member, but politicians do not pretend to delicacy; in poetic matters one would have hoped for better things. At one time a much finer taste was displayed, and that by one of the claimants to the laurel in the very moment of his disappointment—

Though the laurel's courtly bough
Boast again its poet now,
One with verse, too, calm and stately,
Fit to sing of greatness greatly,
Granted yet be one last rhyme
To the muse that sang meantime,
If for naught but to make known
That she sang for love alone;
That she sang from out a heart
Used to play no sordid part;
That how'er a hope might rise,
Strange to her unprosperous eyes,
Ere the cloud came in between
All sweet harvests and their queen,
Still the faith was not the fee
Nor gratitude expectancy.

What verse can be more graceful than this? Even he who took "the laurel greener from the brows of him who uttered nothing base" has not excelled it.

If there is something pitiful in excessive ignorance, there is also something humorous, especially if the ignoramus makes a pretence of knowledge. In this, perhaps, lies the joke of a false quantity in a dead language, which seems to tickle learned persons "so consumedly." In the Middle Ages the clergy must have afforded them fine fun. Edward III. complained to the Pope that "the encouragements of religion were bestowed upon unqualified mercenary foreigners who did not understand our language," and much less Latin. Louis Beaumont, Bishop of Durham, was so illiterate a prelate that he could not read the Pope's Bull announcing his own consecration. "At the word *Metropolitica* he paused, tried in vain to repeat it, and at last said, '*Soit pour dit*' (Suppose that said)." On coming to *In ænigmate* he fairly broke down, and exclaimed in his own French, "By St. Louis, it could be no gentleman who wrote this stuff!" We have heard that "reading oneself in" is always a trying ordeal to ecclesiastics, but let us hope this was an exceptional case. Another cleric received his recommendation for orders with certain abbreviations which ought to have been filled up as follows: "Otto Dei gratia rogat vestram clementiam, ut velit istum clericum conducere ad vestrum Diaconum"; but all that he could make of it, on delivery, was "Otto Dei gram, rogat vestram clam, ut velit istum clincum clancum, convertere in vivum Diabolum." We are told that Andrew Forman, Bishop of Moray, at an entertainment given to the Pope and Cardinals in Rome, so blundered in his Latin that his Holiness and their Eminences lost their gravity; the Bishop thereupon lost his temper, and concluded the blessing "by giving all the false carles to the Devil, in nomine Patris, Filii, et Sancti Spiritus"; to which the company, not understanding his Scottish Latin, said "Amen!"

If a good draughtsman requires a monument, he can hope for none better than two noble volumes containing specimens of his handiwork; and this good fortune has happened to John Leech. There is not much of the artist's life in Mr. Frith's book, in the ordinary sense; but if "our work is our life" can be said of anybody, it can be said of Leech, and readers should be content. Many of his admirable pictures taken from *Punch* and other well-known publications will have more or less of novelty for the present generation; but what will give new delight to a much larger public are the illustrations taken from "The Marchioness of Brinvilliers" and stories of that class, which exhibit Leech under a totally different aspect from that which he generally presents to us. The work is an interesting record of the labours of a life as much spent in the public service as though he had been "under Government." If the gaiety of nations was not affected by Leech's death, the gaiety of his own nation was certainly shadowed by it. He himself was by no means gay, but, indeed, a melancholy humorist; it was only when he had his pencil in hand that he diffused his harmless mirth. It was in almost sepulchral tones that he would ask, when any good story was told in his hearing that seemed to lend itself to illustration, "Is that copyright?" Mr. Frith tells us that John Leech used to differentiate his almost namesake, Leitch the painter, as "Leitch with the itch"; but an even more cruel jest was passed upon Leitch Ritchie, who was described as "having the national complaint twice in his name." There are many things in these two volumes to promote hilarity; but, if a fit is the object, let the reader turn to page 51 of the first volume, which presents the apparition beheld on a certain occasion by a gentleman shaving.

Very curious and interesting are the samples of "Tales of Mystery" with which Mr. Saintsbury has supplied us, culled from the shelves of our grandfathers. It is quite right that we should be reminded of what in their time constituted fame and achieved popularity. Even those chronic praisers of the past, whose only test of merit is antiquity, must needs admit that these "creepy-crawly" stories are very small beer indeed compared with more modern samples of the same class. There is more weird power in one of Le Fanu's stories, even the slightest—say, "Green Tea"—than in the combined horrors of

Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and Maturin. Their ghosts are mere turnip heads, with a tallow candle inside them, and their melodramatic "properties" would disgrace those of a travelling theatre. The amazing thing about them is the popularity they once enjoyed. It is impossible to discover from the perusal of their works in what it consisted. They are duller than "The Castle of Otranto." Mr. Saintsbury, however, tells us that the "Romance of the Forest" supplied Miss Austen "with the actual terrors of 'Northanger Abbey,'" so that admirers of that lady's genius have something to be thankful for to these authors. Otherwise, if prizes should be offered for the most verbose and tedious novels written in the English tongue, Mrs. Radcliffe should be an easy winner, then Lewis, then Maturin. Not to be acquainted with them, however, is discreditable to anyone who pretends to a knowledge of English literature, and a better master of the ceremonies than Mr. Saintsbury it would be difficult to find.

HOME NEWS.

The betrothal of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck is the excitement of the hour. The Queen came to London on Dec. 7 to tender her congratulations to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princess Victoria arrived from Luton Hoo, and, after being cordially cheered in the streets, was affectionately greeted at Marlborough House. The Duke of Clarence afterwards left for Norfolk, and Princess Victoria for Richmond Park.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Ellis, was present at the marriage, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Dec. 8, of Prince Henry of Pless with Miss Cornwallis West, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Cornwallis West, M.P., and Mrs. Cornwallis West.

Prince George of Wales is progressing satisfactorily.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg arrived at Grant-ham on Dec. 7 en route for Belvoir Castle, as guests of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. An address of welcome was presented on behalf of the town and corporation, and Princess Beatrice received a bouquet of flowers. The party then drove to the castle, rain, unfortunately, falling the whole time.

Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein have been on a visit to Didlington Hall, Norfolk, as guests of Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst.

Sir J. Gorst, M.P., speaking at Manchester on Dec. 7, declared that the depopulation of the country districts and the congestion of labour in the towns was a national evil, which ought to be cured by establishing a counter re-migration from the towns into the country. While opposed to elective village councils empowered to levy rates, he desired to see a revival of corporate village life, and recommended the development of the Allotments Act, so that those who wished to put their labour into the land should have land into which to put it.

Mr. Gladstone, who is in excellent health, has been on a visit to Lord Spencer at Althorp. He returned to London on Dec. 9.

Sir Graham Berry, the retiring Agent for Victoria, was entertained at dinner on Dec. 8 by the members of St. George's Club, Hanover Square. Lord Brassey presided, and among the speakers was Lord Knutsford, who bore testimony to the cordial relations that existed between the Colonial Office and the Australasian Colonies.

At the first meeting of the new School Board for London, on Dec. 3, Mr. J. R. Diggle was unanimously re-elected Chairman. General F. J. Moberly and Professor Gladstone were nominated for the post of Vice-chairman, and, on a division, the former was elected by twenty-seven votes to twenty-five given in favour of the latter.

The London and Chatham Company's steamer Victoria, which left Dover between five and six in the evening of Dec. 7, in connection with the Paris Club service, had a narrow escape. It returned to Dover about three o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the twenty-four passengers having experienced a terrible night. The vessel dashed against Calais Pier, and, being quite unable in the gloom to enter the harbour, put back to Dover.

A gallant life-boat service was performed at Clovelly during the gale of Dec. 7. The ketch Rose, of Bristol, from Falmouth to Newport, was in distress, when the life-boat put off to her assistance. The coast is very dangerous, and the life-boat went broadside upon the rocks. She was got off, and, though damaged, again put off to the distressed vessel, whence she rescued four men and brought them safely ashore.

The exhibition of fat stock in Islington, which opened on Dec. 7, was smaller than that of either of the two preceding years. Every one of the leading breeds was, however, well represented. The championship of the cattle classes was won by Mr. J. Wortley, a Norfolk farmer, for a Devon steer, bred in the neighbourhood of Taunton. The Queen was among the prize-winners. The Prince of Wales visited the show in the afternoon, and spent nearly an hour in the inspection of the stock.

The English cricketing team in Australia has just won, in brilliant style, the third of its Australian matches, against an eleven of New South Wales. The match developed in a very interesting fashion. The second innings of the Englishmen left them the task of making 153 runs. Six wickets were lost for 88 runs, and it looked as if a "rot" were setting in. Then Lohmann, who has, perhaps, saved more matches than any player in the world, joined Peel, and the two together rapidly hit off the runs without the loss of a single wicket. The match closed in great excitement.

The practice of hypnotism has received a check in the prosecution of a man called Harry Moore, of Birmingham. A number of witnesses showed that the men who were supposed to be under hypnotic influences were really shamming, and were hired to affect trances. Thus, one man lying on the platform opened his eyes and rudely remarked to a fellow-"subject," similarly entranced, "Get off, you fool! You are hurting my arm!" The hypnotist was fined £25 7s. 6d.

The chief bankers in East Essex, Messrs. Mills, Bawtree, Dawnay, and Curzon, of Colchester, suspended payment on Dec. 8, but it is anticipated that they will pay twenty shillings in the pound. The firm has lost considerably of late, through failure of Essex agriculturists and tradesmen.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
DECEMBER 12, 1891.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *Three-half-pence*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Three-pence*; THIN EDITION, *Two-pence*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Four-pence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-pence*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BETROTHAL OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

Since the happy royal wedding of March 10, 1863, when Princess Alexandra of Denmark became the Princess of Wales, no announcement of an intended nuptial union for any person of our royal family has been regarded, necessarily, as of such manifest importance to the nation, or has been received with so much popular gratification, as that which was published on Monday, Dec. 7, concerning the engagement of Prince Albert Victor Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, probably—though we hope not till after many years—to be King of Great Britain and Ireland, who is now about to marry his "second cousin once removed," Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, her mother being that amiable royal lady, Princess Mary Adelaide, a sister of the Duke of Cambridge. Her branch of the royal family, immediate descendants of King George III., has been constantly residing in England, and has been intimately associated with the social and domestic life of this country; the present Duke of Cambridge, K.G., Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, is a thorough Englishman, and the Princess, younger by fourteen years, who, in 1866, married Prince Francis Paul Alexander of Teck, son of Duke Alexander of Württemberg and Teck, is as truly an English lady. It will not be deemed a circumstance disadvantageous to the public interest that the match now arranged is one which adds no further to the existing matrimonial links between the Crown of Great Britain and those of German or other foreign monarchies of much political importance, however sincerely we may esteem, for their personal merits, the German princes and princesses who have contracted marriage ties with other members of our own royal family. Her Majesty the Queen, above all, is the chief of Englishwomen; her eldest son, and her grandson the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, destined in the order of nature to be her successors on the throne, are English in every feature of character, tastes, habits, and manners. The bride whom the young Prince has chosen, as we are assured, from motives solely of personal affection, with the hearty approval of his parents and of the Queen, his illustrious grandmother, has been educated wholly in an English home, and has won the highest regard in English society. These considerations naturally enhance the pleasure which is felt by all classes of the people at the agreeable prospect of another royal household, the welfare of which in future must become most important to the nation, being established in our own country. No event of the kind, indeed, could take place in which the prosperity of this kingdom would appear so greatly concerned; nor do we think it could have occurred with fairer auspices, or with antecedents more likely to produce good for the country as well as for the happy pair.

It is understood that this engagement was concluded during the first week of December at Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire, the residence of M. de Falbe, formerly the Danish Minister, and of Madame de Falbe, with whom "Princess May," as Princess Victoria Mary of Teck is called by her familiar friends, was staying on a private visit; the Duke of Clarence was also staying there, and his father, the Prince of Wales, was there for a day or two early in the week. On the Friday, it is said, the young Prince, having consulted his father and mother, put his case to the test by making a formal proposal, which was accepted by "Princess May" and her parents. He came to London thereupon, hastened to Windsor on the Saturday evening, "and communicated to the Queen, as head of the family, his engagement to her Highness Princess Victoria Mary of Teck." This is the official record, but there is ample cause to believe that the Queen knew all about it long before; her Majesty had "Princess May" staying with her at Balmoral, and it is the general opinion that "Princess May" and the Duke of Clarence have known their own minds for some time past, and that all the royal family, with their personal friends, were quite prepared for the arrangement so easily and happily concluded. The course of true love has run smooth in this instance, as we trust it will for the rest of their lives to the middle of the twentieth century. His Royal Highness will be twenty-eight years of age on January 8, and "Princess May" was twenty-four on May 26 last; so they may, as we sincerely wish, enjoy the greatest happiness of life together as long as the period we have indicated. But few of us who are much older can expect, nor can we desire, in our time, to see them sharing the highest honours apparently due to the most illustrious birth. On Monday, Dec. 7, her Majesty came to London, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and met the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with "Princess May" and her intended husband, at Marlborough House.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HENRY OF PLESS.

The marriage of Prince Henry of Pless, eldest son of his Serene Highness the Prince of Pless, to Miss Daisy Cornwallis West, daughter of Colonel Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle, was solemnised on Dec. 8 at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The service, which was fully choral, was performed by Archdeacon Farrar, assisted by the Bishop of St. Asaph and the Rev. R. Wilkinson. Colonel Cornwallis West gave his daughter away. Her bridal costume was in the Empire style; the gown being a fourreau in rich pearl-white satin edged with Malines tulle and caught with garlands of orange-blossom. She wore a lace veil surmounted by a diamond and pearl coronet, the gift of the Prince of Pless. Her other ornaments consisted of a diamond necklace and cross. The bride's train was borne by a tiny couple—Master Walter Brooke and Miss Glenwyds Howard—dressed in quaint costumes of white satin. There were eight bridesmaids: Miss Shelagh West, sister of the bride; Lady Mary Sackville, Lady Margaret Sackville, Miss Madge Brooke, Lady Lettice Grosvenor, the Hon. Catherine Beresford, Lady Margaret Hare, and Miss Silvia Heselstine. They were attired in Empire gowns of white satin, edged with frills of white satin. The visitors present included the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, and many of the foreign ambassadors.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

More precise and detailed accounts of the destructive earthquake of Oct. 28, telegraphic news of which has been received during six weeks past, fill a special pamphlet issued by the *Japan Gazette* at Yokohama. The full force of this tremendous disturbance of the surface of the land was felt in the districts of Aichi and Gifu, in the province of Mino, about 225 miles south-west of Tokio, or Yedo, the capital of Japan, along the Tokaido road, near the south coast of the island of Nipon. The principal towns which suffered most severely were Nagoya, Ogaki, and Gifu; but the intervening populous villages, in a fertile agricultural country, have experienced immense losses of life and property. The population of the Aichi and Gifu districts, together, was estimated at two millions and a half; in these districts, we now learn, 7524 persons were killed by the earthquake, and 9458 were hurt, while 166,442 houses were demolished, and 532,000 people became homeless and destitute. The centre of the earthquake is believed to have been the Neo valley, at the foot of the mountain Haku-san, to the north-west of the town of Gifu, where ten villages and some hamlets were destroyed, as the ground sank 20 ft. or 30 ft. in depth, burying many of the houses out of sight. The towns of Gifu, Kasamatsu, and Kano were rendered uninhabitable; but Ogaki, which had a population of 18,589, lost 789 killed, besides 1370 injured. The ancient Castle of Ogaki remained uninjured, but the Gobo Temple, filled with a congregation of Shin Buddhists, fell in upon them, then took fire, and fifty persons there perished. At Gifu and Nagoya, likewise, the havoc was greatly increased by conflagrations among the wooden houses, immediately following the earthquake. In the large city of Osaka, the only very serious disasters were the fall of several



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large buildings of the Dembo and Niniwa cotton factories, by which fifty or sixty people were injured and thirty killed. We have some photographs sent by Messrs. W. M. Strachan and Co., of Yokohama, to Messrs. Beith, Stevenson, and Co., of Manchester.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

There are no reports from Shanghai just now of renewed disturbances on the Yang-tse, and a British gun-boat has ascended that river to Ichang, where the persons and property of Europeans will henceforth be protected, while some compensation has even been paid by the Government for the mischief done at Wuhu. But new cause of anxiety has arisen in the Manchu provinces to the north of Pekin, and particularly in that of Jehol, where, in the latter part of November, an armed band of two thousand rebels, instigated by the secret societies called Tsinthan and Tsaili, and joined by Mongols from the frontier, invaded the districts of Chaoyang, Kinchow, and Takow, and captured two large country towns. In these towns, it appears from several reports, the churches and houses of the Belgian missionary priests were pillaged and burnt, and nearly five hundred native Christians were cruelly massacred; but the Europeans seem to have escaped. The Government at Pekin, with Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of the metropolitan province, lost no time in ordering a body of troops to be collected and sent against the rebels in Manchuria, who were first encountered and defeated on Nov. 25, then surrounded by much superior forces, and on the 28th, it is said, completely destroyed or dispersed, several hundred of them being slain. But some of them may have got away to the mountains, and joined the brigands infesting the northern frontier. There is no fear of a rebel advance on Pekin, but much agitation prevails among the lower classes of the population in that city; Europeans have been insulted and pelted with stones, and some are leaving both Pekin and Tientsin.

We present a view of the market at Shanghai, the most important seaport and European mercantile colony on the mainland coast of China, now a town furnished with all the

conveniences of Western civilisation, and with an excellent municipal government. In the early days of this settlement, from 1854 to 1863, the Taiping rebellion often threatened the very existence of Shanghai.

GREAT WALL OF CHINA: NANKOW PASS.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, who has recently travelled across Siberia, Mongolia, and the Gobi Desert, entering Northern China by the Nankow Pass, and continuing his overland journey to Pekin, writes as follows about the Great Wall: "On Friday, May 29, we reached the famous Nankow Pass, and, a little before we reached the town of that name, the road passed under an archway, through what I consider to be the real 'Great Wall of China,' or, as it is generally called, 'The Second Parallel.' Some time before reaching it I could distinguish the mighty structure standing out in bold relief against the sky, where, in places, it actually crossed the tops of the highest mountains. I had fully prepared myself for something wonderful, but this marvellous work more than realised my expectations and fairly held me spellbound for a few minutes. One can form some idea of the panic the Celestials must have been in when they undertook such a gigantic barrier. The Kalgan Wall, in my opinion, is not worthy of being mentioned in the same breath; indeed, anyone who first saw the Nankow one, and then fancied he would find something finer at Kalgan, would be grievously disappointed. What struck me most in this wall was its wonderful state of preservation, the symmetrically hewn stones of which it is composed showing but few signs of the ravages of time. I persuaded Nicolaieff to halt the caravan long enough for me to make a rough sketch, but it is too overpowering and colossal for an ordinary pencil to be able to do justice to. How it could ever have been defended is a mystery, for it would undoubtedly have been as difficult to hold as to attack. The Nankow Pass is very beautiful, and reminded me not a little of parts of Wales or Ireland. Through the rocky gorge ran a sparkling torrent, and the boulders on either side were clothed with the most brilliant lichen."

THE MOZART CENTENARY.

BY G. BERNARD SHAW.

Wolfgang Mozart, the centenary of whose death on Dec. 5, 1791, we are now celebrating, was born on Jan. 27, 1756. He was the grandson of an Augsburg bookbinder, and the son of Leopold Mozart, a composer, author, and violinist of good standing in the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg. When he was three years old he showed such an interest in the music lessons of his sister, four and a half years his senior, that his father allowed him to play at learning music as he might have allowed him to play at horses. But the child was quite in earnest, and was soon composing minuets as eagerly as Mr. Ruskin, at the same age, used to compose little poems. Leopold Mozart was a clever man up to a certain point, "self-made," untroubled by diffidence or shyness, conscious of being master of his profession, a practical, pushing man, ready to lay down an ambitious programme for his son and bustle him through it. Seeing that Wolfgang had talent enough to qualify him for the highest attainable worldly success as a composer and virtuoso, he at once set about founding a European reputation for the future great man by making a grand tour through Vienna, Paris, London, Amsterdam, and many other towns, exhibiting his two children at Court and in public as "prodigies of nature." When the boy made a couple of tours in Italy in 1769-71, he knew everything that the most learned musicians in Europe could teach him; he became an unsurpassed harpsichord and pianoforte player; and as an organist he made old musicians declare that Sebastian Bach had come again. As a violinist he did not succeed in pleasing himself. Leopold insisted that nothing but self-confidence was needed to place him at the head of European violinists; and he may have been right; but Mozart never followed up his successes as a concerto player, and finally only used his skill to play the viola in quartets. On the whole, it must be admitted that the father, though incapable of conceiving the full range of his son's genius, did his utmost, according to his lights, to make the best of him; and although Mozart must, in his latter years, have once or twice speculated as to whether he might not have managed better as an orphan, he never bore any grudge against his father on that account.

Mozart's worldly prosperity ended with his boyhood. From the time when he began the world as a young man of twenty-one by making a trip to Paris with his mother (who died there) to the day of his early death, fourteen years later, he lived the life of a very great man in a very small world. When he returned to settle in Vienna and get married there, he burst out crying with emotion after the ceremony. His wife cried too; and so did all the spectators. They cried more wisely than they knew, considering what the future of the couple was to be. Mozart had three means of getting money—teaching, giving concerts, and using such aristocratic influence as he could enlist to obtain either a Court appointment or commissions to compose for the church or the theatre. None of these ways were fruitful for him, though between them all, and a good deal of borrowing, he just managed to die leaving his wife in possession of £5, exactly £15 short of what they owed to the doctor. As a teacher, he got on very well while he was giving lessons for nothing to people who interested him: as a fashionable music-master he was comparatively a failure. The concerts paid a little better: he wrote one pianoforte concerto after another for them, and always improvised a fantasia, and was overwhelmed with applause. But there was then no great public, as we understand the term, to steadily support subscription-concerts of classical music. His subscribers were people of fashion, inconstant except in their determination only to patronise music in "the season." His failure to obtain anything except a wretched pittance at Court for writing dance-music was due to the extreme dread in which he was held by the cabal of musicians who had the ear of the Emperor. Salieri frankly said afterwards, "His death was a good job for us. If he had lived longer not a soul would have given us a crumb for our compositions." Mozart was badly worn out by hard work and incessant anxiety when his last fever attacked him. He even believed that someone had poisoned him. A great deal of false sentiment has been wasted on the fact that the weather was so bad on the day of his funeral that none of the friends who attended the funeral service at St. Stephen's Church went with the hearse as far as the distant graveyard of St. Mark's. The driver of the hearse, the assistant gravedigger, and a

woman who was attached to the place as "authorised beggar," were the only persons who saw the coffin put on top of two others into a pauper grave of the third class. Except to show how poor Mozart was, the incident is of no importance whatever. Its alleged pathos is really pure snobbery. Mozart would certainly not have disdained to lie down for his last sleep in the grave of the poor. He would probably have been of the same mind as old Buchanan, who on his deathbed told his servant to give all the money left in the house away in



BORN JAN. 27, 1756.

DIED DEC. 5, 1791.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

From a portrait by Tischbein.

charity instead of spending it on a funeral, adding, in his characteristic way, that the parish would have a pressing reason to bury him if they left him lying there too long.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mozart's life was one of actual want in the ordinary sense. He had immense powers, both of work and enjoyment; joked, laughed, told stories, talked, travelled, played, sang, rhymed, danced, masqueraded, acted, and played billiards well enough to delight in them all; and he had the charm of a child at thirty just as he had had the seriousness of a man at five. One gathers that many of his friends did not relish his superiority much more than Salieri did, and that, in spite of society and domesticity, he, on his highest plane, lived and died lonely and unhelpable. Still, on his more attainable planes, he had many enthusiastic friends and worshippers. What he lacked was opportunity to do the best he felt capable of in his art—a tragic privation.

It is not possible to give here any adequate account of

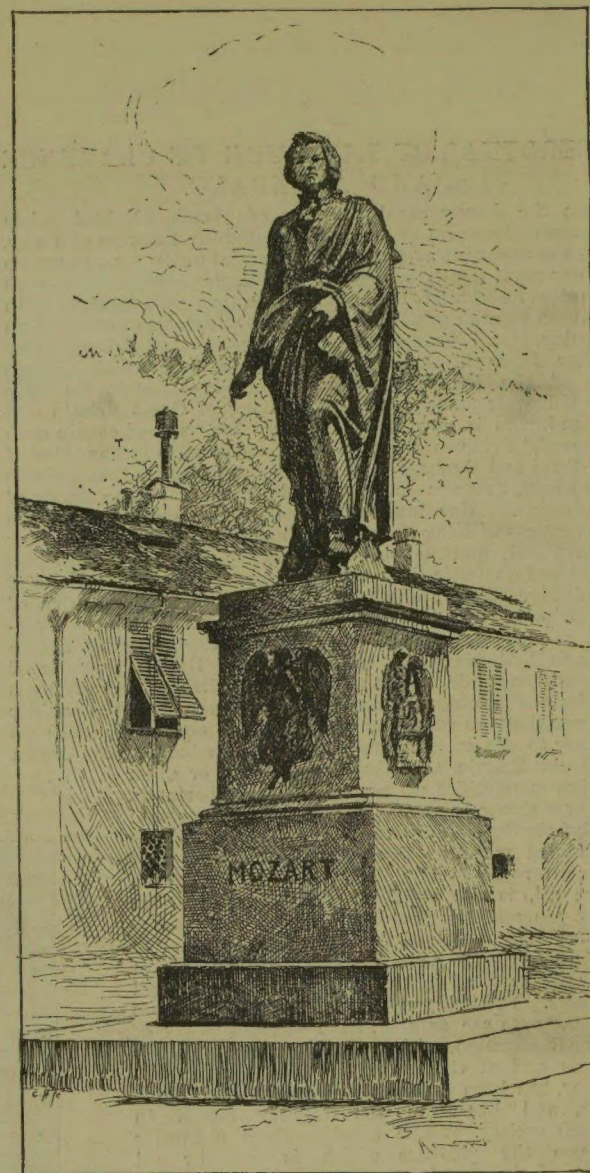
untutored, would probably have arrived at the conclusion that a composition without a poetic or dramatic basis was a mere luxury, and not a serious work of art at all. As it was, he was trained to consider the production of "absolute music" as the normal end of composition, and when his genius drove him to make his instrumental music mean something, he wasted the most extraordinary ingenuity in giving it expression through the forms and without violating the usages of absolute music, bending these forms and usages to his poetic purpose with such success that the same piece of music serves as a pet passage of tone poetry to the amateur who knows nothing of musical formalism, while the pedant who is insensible to poetry or drama holds them up as models of classic composition to his pupils. This combination of formalism with poetic significance has been much applauded, not only for its ingenuity, as is natural, but as a merit in the music, which is perverse and absurd. Mozart apologising to his father for some unusual modulation which he could not justify except on poetic grounds cut but a foolish figure. If he had written his G minor quintet, for instance, in the free form contrived by Liszt for his symphonic poems, the death of his father, which immediately followed the composition of that work, would, no doubt, have been attributed to his horror on reading the score; but there is not the slightest ground for pretending, with Wagner's works to instruct us, that the quintet would have been one whit less admirable. Later on, when Mozart had quite freed himself, and come to recognise that the forbidden thing was exactly what he was born to do, he still, from mere habit and mastery, kept to the old forms closely enough to pass with us for a formalist, although he scared his contemporaries into abusing him exactly as Wagner has been abused within our own time. The result is that since Mozart, under his father's influence, produced a vast quantity of instrumental music which is absolute music and nothing else, and since even the great dramatic and poetic works of his later years were cast mainly in the moulds of that music, we have hastily concluded that all his work is of one piece, and that an intelligent dramatic handling of his great symphonies would be an anachronism. In his very operas it is hard, nowadays, to get the most obvious dramatic points in his orchestration



THE HOUSE IN SALZBURG IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN,
THE THIRD FLOOR IS NOW OCCUPIED BY THE MOZART MUSEUM.

attended to, even the churchyard scene in "Don Juan" being invariably rattled through at Covent Garden as if it were a surprisingly rapid quadrille.

Fortunately, the persistence with which Wagner fought all his life for a reform of orchestral execution as to Mozart's works, the example set by the conductors inspired by him, and



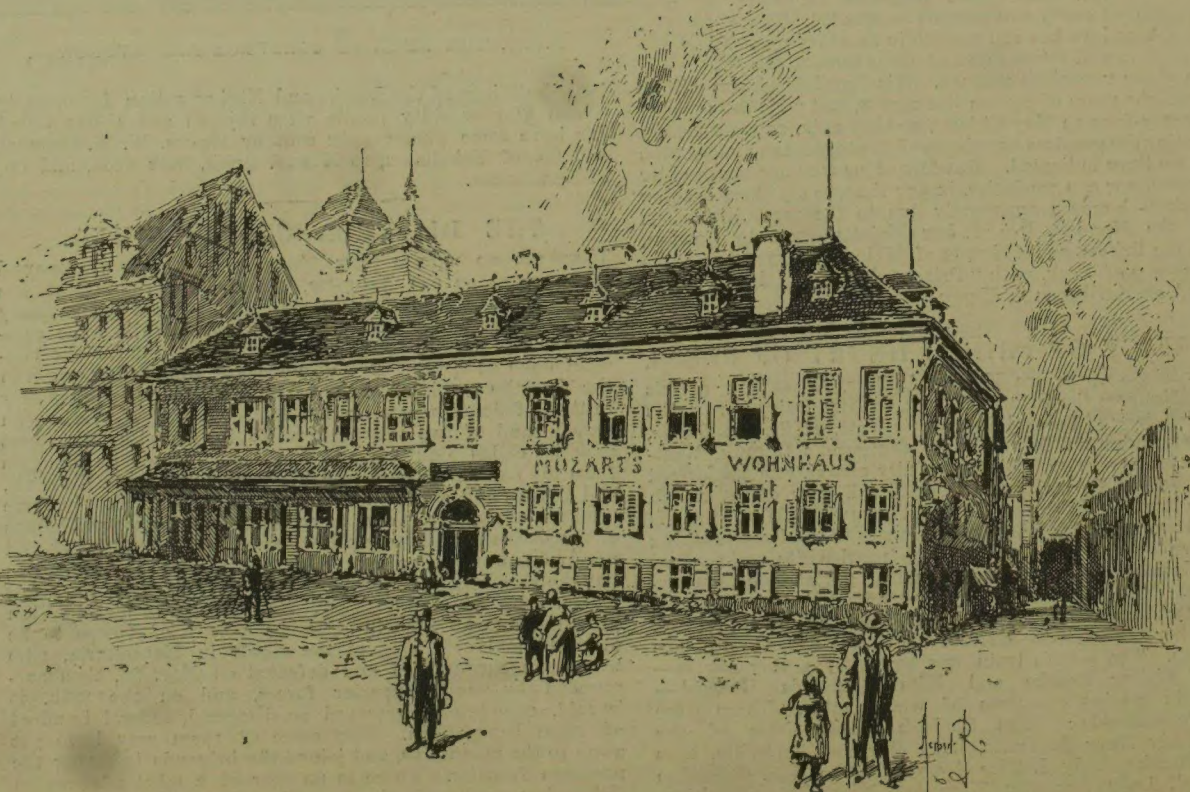
MOZART'S STATUE IN THE MOZART-PLATZ, SALZBURG.
IN BRONZE, BY SCHWANTHALER, ERECTED IN 1842.

such authoritative utterances as those of Gounod on the subject of "Don Giovanni," not to mention social influences which cannot be so simply stated, are at last letting the public into the important secret that the incompetence and superficiality of Mozart's interpreters are the true and only causes of the apparent triviality of his greatest music. Properly executed, Mozart's work never disappointed anybody yet. Its popularity is increasing at present, after a long interval. The appetite for riotous, passionate, wilful, heroic music has been appeased; and we are now beginning to feel that we cannot go on listening to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and the "Tannhäuser" overture for ever. When we have quite worn them out, and have become conscious that there are grades of quality in emotion as well as variations of intensity, then we shall be on the way to become true Mozart connoisseurs and to value Wagner's best work apart from its mere novelty. The obstacle to that at present is the dullness of our daily lives, which makes us intemperate in our demands for sensation in art, and the bluntness of mind which prevents us from perceiving or relishing the essentially intellectual quality of the very finest music. Both these disqualifications are the result of deficient culture; and while that lasts Mozart will have to lie on the shelf. But that is so much the worse for the uncultured generation—not for the composer of "Don Juan."

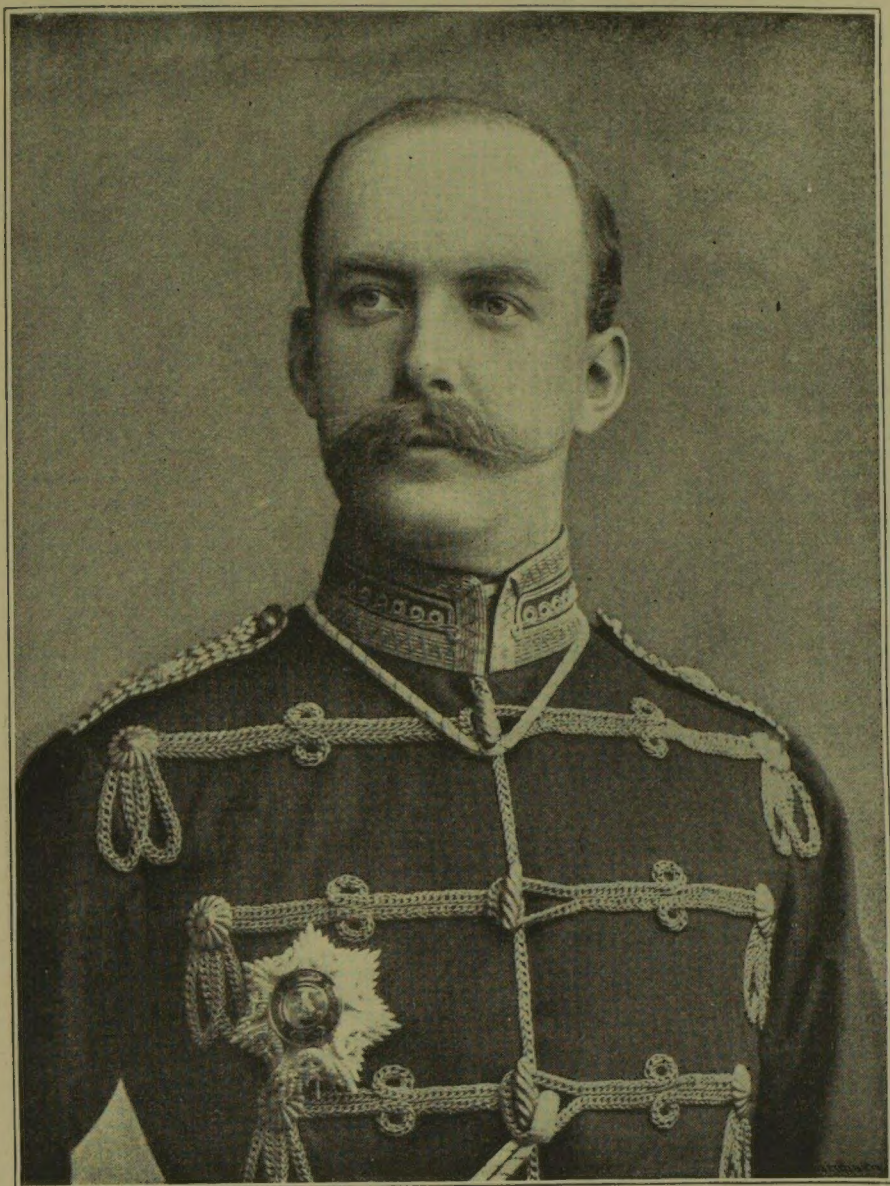


THE HUT IN WHICH "THE MAGIC FLUTE" WAS WRITTEN.
FORMERLY AT VIENNA, NOW AT SALZBURG.

Mozart's claims to greatness as a composer. At present his music is hardly known in England except to those who study it in private. Public performances of it are few and far between, and, until Richter conducted the E flat symphony here, nobody could have gathered from the rapid, hasty, trivial readings which were customary in our concert-rooms, that Mozart, judged by nineteenth-century standards, had any serious claim to his old-fashioned reputation. One reason among many for this mistake may be given. Leopold Mozart undoubtedly did his son the great harm of imposing his own narrow musical ideal on him, instead of allowing him to find out the full capacities of the art for himself. He taught the boy that when a piece of music sounded beautifully, and was symmetrically, ingeniously, and interestingly worked out in sonata form, nothing more was to be expected or even permitted. Mozart, if left



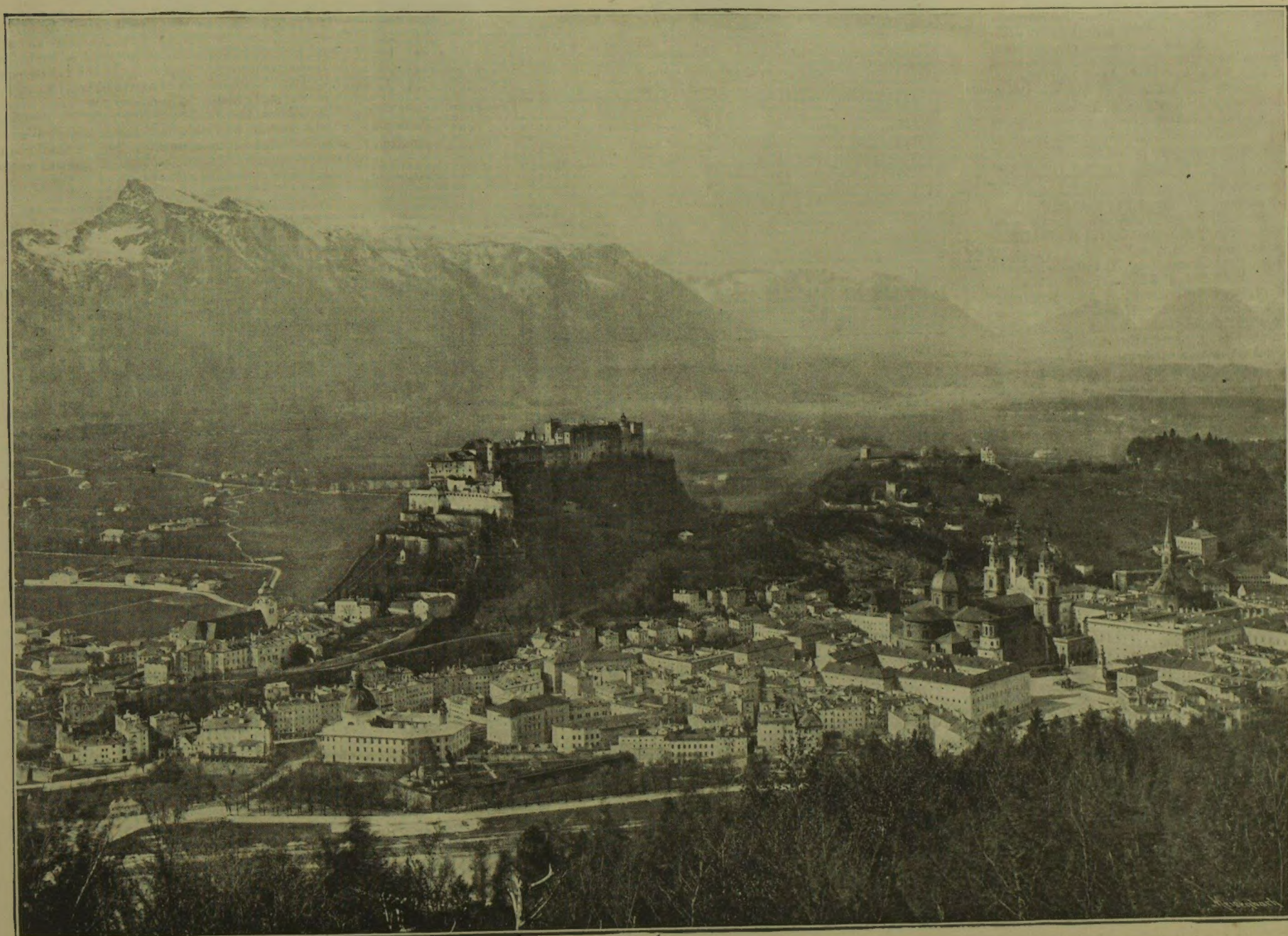
MOZART'S HOUSE IN THE MOZART-PLATZ, SALZBURG.



PRINCE HANS HEINRICH OF PLESS.



MISS CORNWALLIS WEST.



SALZBURG (AUSTRIA), THE CITY IN WHICH MOZART WAS BORN, JAN. 27, 1756.

PERSONAL.

The death of Bishop Perry has taken one of the oldest and, in his way, one of the most distinguished prelates in the Anglican communion.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. PERRY.

Born in 1807, he was at twenty-one Senior Wrangler, First Smith's Prizeman, and a First Classman in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. At Harrow he had been the friend of Bishop Charles Wordsworth and Cardinal Manning. At Trinity he was Fellow and tutor under Whewell, and a colleague of Ollivant, Bishop of Llandaff. In 1847 he was consecrated first Bishop of Melbourne, and had to steer the Church in his diocese through the extraordinary times of the first gold rush. Far from laying down his office at the end of ten years or so, he continued to administer it until 1876, when he was succeeded by the present Bishop of Manchester. Returned to England, he was at once full of good works. A canonry of Llandaff in 1878 introduced him to a sphere of usefulness, as to his work in which Dean Vaughan bore witness in moving terms on Sunday, Dec. 6. A frequent speaker, though not always on the popular side, at church congresses, and a warm friend of many evangelical societies, Bishop Perry clung to his voluntary tasks with a zeal which was not without its pathos. He was buried in the quiet village churchyard of Harlow, Essex, on Dec. 5.

The betrothal of the Duke of Clarence to the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck will recall to many of our readers the marriage of the mother of Princess May in 1866. Princess Mary of Cambridge was thirty-three years of age when she was united in Kew Church to "Prince Teck, Count of Hohenstein," as he was described twenty-five years ago in the *Illustrated London News* account of the event. The proposed marriage of the Prince of Wales's elder son to the daughter of Princess Mary of Cambridge is referred to elsewhere. It only needs to say here that Princess May, as Princess Victoria of Teck is usually called, is a general favourite with all who know her, and that the announcement of the approaching marriage has given universal satisfaction.

There is a somewhat personal, but eloquent and kindly, tribute to one of our most valued contributors, Dr. Richard Garnett, in the current number of the *National Observer*. Referring to Dr. Garnett's absence from his old post as superintendent of the British Museum Reading-Room, the writer says: "Still the old-fashioned reader refuses to be comforted. He looks in vain for the slight, stooping figure in rusty black, the quick, shuffling walk, the abstracted look, the charming and surprising smile. Yes; and he misses still more the prodigious learning and that perfect courtesy which made it accessible to all. The puzzled hack, the girl-copyist, the silly elderly spinster—these had but one counselor and guide: they turned to him in every difficulty, and they found him ever sympathetic, ever prodigal of aid. To others it may have seemed that they and their kind had far too much of a busy and active life; but it was not so to him, or, if he thought it, he showed it—never! As you watched him, you remembered that Charity suffereth all things. That was Dr. Garnett's high conception of his office."

Great sympathy is felt on the Continent for the Comtesse d'Eu, the Princess Imperial of Brazil, who devotedly loved her father, the late Dom Pedro. Princess Isabelle of Brazil was born forty-seven years ago, in the town of Rio de Janeiro. Both she and her sister, Princess Leopoldine, were educated by Madame de Barval, the daughter of Pedro Blanco, and wife of a French diplomat stationed at the Brazilian Court. The Emperor himself taught the young Princesses astronomy and music; and their holidays were spent in yachting and long riding parties. At the age of fourteen the Princess Imperial solemnly swore allegiance to the Brazilian Constitution. Four years later, on Oct. 15, 1864, she married Prince Gaston of Orleans, Duc d'Eu, the eldest son of the Duc de Nemours. It was during her Regency, necessitated by the voyage in Europe of her parents in 1871, that the Princess passed a law abolishing slavery in Dom Pedro's dominions. The Comte and Comtesse d'Eu have three sons, and are the most devoted parents. Since their exile to Europe they have made their home at Cannes. The Princess Imperial is convinced that, had her father lived a few more months, he would have been reinstated Emperor of Brazil.

Mr. G. T. Bettany, of Caius College, Cambridge, who died of heart disease on Dec. 2, at Dulwich, was not only the author of many valuable works and a contributor to the *Times*, *Athenaeum*, and *Contemporary Review*, but, as the editor of the "Minerva Library of Famous Books," he was a foremost worker in the effort to bring high-class books within reach of a large public. Mr. Bettany was born at Penzance in 1850, and, being intended for the medical profession, entered Guy's Hospital in 1868. He graduated at London University B.Sc. in 1871, with First Class Honours in Geology, and then proceeded to Cambridge, where he took his B.A. (bracketed third in First Class of Natural Science Tripos) in 1873, and M.A. in 1877. He lectured for some years at Girton and Newnham Colleges and at Guy's Hospital, but decided at last to devote



THE LATE MR. G. T. BETTANY.

himself entirely to literature. His chief works are "The Morphology of the Skull," which was written conjointly with Professor W. K. Parker, F.R.S., and the "Life of Darwin." He was engaged at the time of his death upon a "History of Christianity," and was also writing, in collaboration with Dr. S. Wilks, F.R.S., a "History of Guy's Hospital." Mr. Bettany was a man of singularly modest and unassuming disposition, but his gentle unselfishness and sterling merits endeared him to all who knew him.

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Sir Edwin Arnold has been publishing some interesting reminiscences of a visit to Lord Tennyson at Freshwater. Sir Edwin describes the poet's present appearance as not specially altered by age from the earlier impressions of him. The hair is scarcely more than "sable-silvered"; the figure is bent, but still retains a measure of vigour; the hands "powerful in outline, but delicate and finely formed." The most interesting literary criticism which he gave was the opinion that the English language would not be improved as it developed. Dead languages became embalmed, but when languages endure they change, and, added the poet, "the time will come, Arnold, when you and I will be as difficult for Englishmen to read and understand as Chaucer is to-day." In the course of a walk he made a reference to Gordon. "It was on this spot," he said, "that I parted with General Gordon. He said that he wanted me to promote the interests of his Boys' Home. 'You, in all England,' Gordon exclaimed, 'are the man to do it.'"

Lord Tennyson delighted Sir Edwin Arnold by reading one of his poems—the bugle song in "The Princess." The Victorian Exhibition, by the way, contains a curious little sketch, by Rossetti, of the poet—of a much earlier day—reading "Maud" to Browning and Rossetti. The rough pen-and-ink sketch shows the poet, with his long dark Italian

Mr. Wolcott Balestier, the author and publisher, died on Sunday, Dec. 6, of typhoid fever, at Dresden. His early death—he was only twenty-eight—will come as a severe blow to a multitude of friends.



THE LATE MR. W. BALESTIER.

There were many in England, it is true, to whom his name was entirely unfamiliar until they heard that he was associated with Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the production of a story for the *Century*. That story, "The Nau-lakha," began brightly and impressively, and it opened with some of Mr. Balestier's work, in surroundings, in fact, with which Mr. Kipling is unfamiliar. There were those among his admirers, indeed, who did not hesitate to place the American on an equal footing with his great English collaborator, and all who have read in manuscript the story which is soon to appear in the *Century* under his single name assert emphatically that it is a work of unmistakable genius. Of his personal charm, Mr. James Payn, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Conan Doyle, and other friends have already borne eloquent witness.

Another personal tie which binds England to her colonies has been snapped by the death of Sir Arthur Blyth. We need not share the gloomy predictions of some writers, and say that with the removal of such men and the uprising of a new generation of colonists who know not the British Isles as their birthplace, the Empire is brought a distinct step nearer disruption; but there are special reasons why the death of the late Agent-General for South Australia should be deplored. He knew the Australian colonies as a man knows a house which he has helped to design and build. Born in that home of enlightened municipal government, the city of Birmingham, sixty-eight years ago, Mr. Blyth landed in Adelaide with his parents just three years after the first settlements on Kangaroo Island and at the present capital, and it fell to his lot to see a healthy and thriving British colony rise, as it were, out of a wilderness occupied by a few nomadic savages. For thirty-eight years he laboured in the commercial and political development of his adopted home. Three times he held office as Premier, five times as Treasurer, twice as Chief Secretary, twice as Commissioner of Public Works, and twice as Commissioner of Crown Lands. To fill such varied posts with credit to himself and advantage to the colony betokened the possession of singularly varied powers; and South Australians, without distinction of party, must feel that they have lost one to whose shrewd insight, liberal views, and patriotic aims they owe not a little of their present freedom and prosperity.

But for the last decade and a half Sir Arthur Blyth has been a far more familiar figure in the official purlieus of Westminster than in the streets of Adelaide. When he was appointed to the post of Agent-General in 1877, it was felt that few living South Australians could better represent the varied interests of the colony in this country. Especially in the difficult and delicate financial and commercial matters arising in the early history of a colony too full of vigour to realise the limits of its own development, Sir Arthur was able to bring into play the tact and judgment gained in a long experience of most phases of colonial life. His seniority of appointment made him the *doyen* of the Agents-General, and it would be difficult to imagine one more fitted by the dignity of his presence and the geniality of his manner to direct the deliberations of a body of this informal nature. He took a keen interest in emigration and all that promised to help on the cause of imperial unity, and as Commissioner at the Paris and Colonial and Indian Exhibitions and as delegate of the Colonial Conference of four years ago, he found means of rendering the Empire lasting service. Severe suffering robbed the official world of his presence for several months before his death, but many besides his official colleagues will long miss this kindly and enlightened colonial gentleman.

One or two of the London journals have recently discussed at considerable length the claims of the "rival houses," Nos. 15 and 11, Berkeley Square, to be considered the residence of Horace Walpole. There is, however, no doubt that when the late Mr. Frederick Lehmann, some years ago, purchased the lease of No. 15 (in the comfortable dining-room of which Robert Browning so often enjoyed that gentleman's genial hospitality) he was satisfied that it was in his newly acquired mansion that Horace Walpole lived and wrote, "played at cards with countesses and corresponded with ambassadors." That celebrated historical painter, the late Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., who had made that period of English history his particular study, assured Mr. Lehmann that he had given much time and attention to the question, and, after most careful and minute research, had convinced himself that Berkeley Square had been renumbered since Walpole's time, and that the No. 11 of his day was now undoubtedly No. 15, and that the bow-window of the smaller drawing-room in Mr. Lehmann's house was actually mentioned by Walpole in his correspondence. This is certainly strong evidence in favour of the pretensions of No. 15, Berkeley Square to be the very house to which the Strawberry Hill philosopher removed in 1779 from 5, Arlington Street, where, as the medallion on its façade tells us, his father, the first Earl of Orford, died in 1745.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portraits of Prince Hans Heinrich of Pless and Miss Cornwallis West are from photographs by Messrs. Walery, Regent Street, W.; the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Victoria, and the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.; the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.; the late Bishop Perry, by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.; and the late Mr. George Bettany, by Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

face, seated, holding the volume rather stiffly in front of him, while with his left hand he nurses his crossed leg. He is supposed to have just reached the famous lines beginning "I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood."

Sir Matthew William Thompson, who has just died at Park Gate, near Leeds, only received his baronetcy last year, when, as Chairman of the Midland Railway Company (a position he held from 1879 to January in the present year) he took part in the ceremony of opening the Forth Bridge. Sir Matthew, who was seventy-one years of age, was a Bradford brewer, and had been connected with that thriving town for the greater part of his long, honourable, and industrious life. He represented the borough in Parliament in 1867-8, was three times elected mayor, and, though opposed to the general principles of the Education Act, was the first chairman of the Bradford School Board, and did much to establish the efficiency of the schools.

Viscount Combermere, who has just died at the residence of his second son, the Hon. Richard Cotton, after an illness of six weeks, the result of a cab accident in a London street, was the second holder of that title and of the pension of £2000 a year bestowed upon his father, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Bart., for his brilliant services in the Peninsular War and in India. The late Viscount, a handsome, bearded, young-looking man of seventy-three, was formerly in the Life Guards; he was an enthusiastic sportsman, a fine judge of a horse, and a daring rider to hounds, who, not so many years ago, might often have been seen in the first flight with his friend the late Lord Tollemache. Combermere Abbey, the Cottons' family seat (once a Benedictine Abbey, acquired in the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir George Cotton, an esquire of the body to that monarch), has on more than one occasion been the residence of the Empress of Austria during her visits to this country. The Viscount was married to the eldest daughter of Sir George Sitwell, Bart., in 1844, and is succeeded in the title and pension (which latter was granted for three lives) by his eldest son, the Hon. Robert Wellington Cotton.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the third man of authority who has given "a swashing blow" to the absurd and utterly untenable theory that the Drama's first mission is to be literary, and that such things as amusement and interest are matters of quite a secondary consideration. He considers, as, indeed, do Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. J. Comyns Carr, that all this is a perverse reversal of the correct order of things. The first object of a dramatist is to interest; if while he interests he amuses, so much the better; if while he interests and amuses he contrives to write well, with dignity, elegance, poetic fervour, and wit—well, then he is a very rare and exceptional dramatist. The apparently learned and extremely self-sufficient gentlemen who would turn the playhouse into a lecture-room and the theatre into a discussion forum, who insist that the theatre, with its mixed assembly, is the place for hospital lectures, and that the dramatist who is not a wild and visionary poet has no right to insult their superfine intelligences, often obstinately neglect to see what the mission of the drama ever has been, must be, and will be to the end of time. There is a place for everything and everything in its place. But it is often too cynically assumed that the mind that cannot accept an undramatic or false dramatist cannot at the same time admire the poet who underlies the clumsy workman for the stage. There are hundreds of dramatic poems that are not written in such dramatic form as would be likely to be acceptable to the stage of our time, and could not, by any possibility, prove popular according to the existing order of dramatic things. Not half Shakspeare's plays are actable, but the men of experience who come to that regrettable conclusion are not to be classed with Philistines, idiots, and vulgarians because they believe that the dramatic form of those plays would be intolerable to the average audience. "Cain" and "Manfred" are superbly dramatic, but they have been proved to be unactable. Are we all to be classed as *borné* and illiterate, and vulgar minded and contemptible, because, loving our Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne as we do, delighting in them as poets of a mighty line indeed, we believe, and conscientiously believe, that the finest of their dramatic poems are ill-suited to the stage? Would that they were better fitted for dramatic presentation! Would, indeed, that we could see the finest of their fine works presented to audiences of to-day! But we who value them, who admire their genius, who glory in their greatness, love them too well to see them exposed to the ridicule to which they must be exposed if they submit to the present order of dramatic things and to the extremely limited platform known as the stage.

Why cannot these earnest gentlemen be a little practical, and look at the thing straight in the face, instead of ridiculing their opponents and calling them unliturgical and vulgar, when they know in their hearts they are right? I wish to heaven—I often wish it—that I had lived some years before my time! I should like to have been born at a time when the intellectual drama was more concentrated than it is at present, and when audiences were not so distracted by other pleasures. I should like to have been a citizen of Weimar when Goethe reigned supreme. I should like to have been a resident at Saxe-Meiningen when its Duke was patron of its dramatic pleasures and Barnay was leading an historic troupe. I would not have complained had I been born a peasant at Ober-Ammergau, and been trained to the consideration of the noblest dramatic story in creation by the good priest and his successors who have handed down the tradition of an immortal drama. I have often envied the King of Bavaria who "took up" Wagner, and could afford to command "ideal" performances at the Munich opera-house or on the shores of his enchanting lake. A man who thinks like this is not an obstinate Philistine or a confirmed ignoramus; he tries not to be a fool or a child crying for the moon. He knows what modern theatres and modern audiences are.

He knows that he lives not in Weimar or Saxe-Meiningen, or in Munich or in Ober-Ammergau, but in London. He cannot blind himself to the fact. The old ladies went with their knitting-needles at half-past five or six o'clock, and the men went with their pipes or snuff-boxes to the ideal theatres of Weimar and Meiningen. It was a glorious society, a splendid opportunity. They had nothing to do but think literature and drink in literature. They sat at the play like mice, and they went home to supper to dream of what they had heard. Thrice happy people who lived in the society and under the influence of a Goethe! Equally happy and enviable a people who lived under the sway of a Shakspeare. Ever to be envied were our forefathers, who, under almost as favoured conditions, sat under a Garrick or a Kean, who took their drama soberly, and, having digested it, went home to supper and to bed. But how can such days ever return? Now, when the day is so busy that we can only squeeze out a bare three hours for our pleasures; now that we live at lightning speed; now that we are all scurrying off to catch suburban trains and trams and buses; now, when the world is charged with electricity and lightning rush, how can we take our drama as soberly as in other times? The thing is impossible. Everything is condensed. News is condensed, time is condensed, amusement is condensed. We have to cram the best possible amusement in the smallest possible space. There is no time to study philosophy or ethics on the stage, even if it were necessary to do so. We have scarcely time to study it in the library. We have to take it and our books away far from the madding crowd. For my own part, I am not so *blasé* or *borné* that I can elect to reject the study of anything that is interesting. Ibsen interests me, and so does Maeterlinck, though I may not consider that the stage is their proper platform, or that their works are uniformly beautiful. I can appreciate the grim eeriness of "L'Intruse" without wishing to see it misrepresented on the stage. I don't want great men laughed at, as they must be when they get on to the wrong platform. It is the secondary object of the dramatist to be literary—the first to interest. It is the first duty of the dramatist to study the conditions of the stage; the second to adapt his work to those conditions. Why cannot the "new critics" be a little practical? Why cannot they see that the age that cultivates mutilated poets, selections from great men, scraps of philosophy, extracts from divines, children's bibles, and so on, is not likely to accept an Ibsen as a student of nature or a Maeterlinck as a writer for the stage?

Mr. Brandon Thomas has now settled at the Court Theatre with his admirable little company. The manager proves himself to be an artist of rare merit, for in the course of the evening he plays the sententious gardener in "Good for Nothing," the philosophical and observant artist's model in "A Commission," and the heavy dragon in the "Pantomime Rehearsal." All are good, but the artist's model is a masterpiece of observation. I shrewdly suspect that the "Pantomime Rehearsal" will draw crowded houses at and after Christmas time. Miss Edith Chester has the true burlesque spirit. She understands the rare art of saying funny things with a serious face, and, of course, Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the self-satisfied swell with his own views on amateur acting is "immense." The little play is the best thing of the kind that has been seen for some time. It

would even bear more elaboration, more songs, more dances, more absurdity. All like it, but all consider it too short. If it be really true that these delightful comedians are to rehearse a real old-fashioned harlequinade at Christmas time, let them not be overpersuaded to rehearse it in costume. That would spoil the whole joke. They must play clown, harlequin, &c., in evening dress. That is where the fun will come in.

MUSIC.

The centenary of Mozart's death was chiefly observed in this country on Dec. 5 by performances of the "Requiem" and the "Jupiter" symphony. Some have complained that this was not enough, that we ought at the very least to have had one performance of "Don Giovanni" to do adequate honour to the memory of so great an operatic composer. Well, perhaps we ought; but since no individual can be held to blame, inasmuch as the State does not support an establishment to keep opera going all the year round, there can be little utility in harping upon an unpleasant theme. Rather is it our duty to point with satisfaction to the excellence which marked the rendering of the above-named works, and the remarkable proportions of the assemblages which gathered to hear them at the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall. To Mr. August Manns, in one place, and to Messrs. Barnby and Henschel in the other, is due the warmest praise for their efforts to achieve something worthy of the occasion. Each in turn could claim a success, and if the instrumental work came out best at the Palace, leaving the choral to be heard to greater advantage at Kensington Gore, it was only in the nature of things that this should be so.

Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) made her reappearance, after eight months' absence from London, at Sir Charles Hallé's second orchestral concert on Friday, Dec. 4. The talented violinist, who happily returns to us in greatly improved health, showed that her hand had lost none of its cunning by giving a superb interpretation of the adagio and finale from the concerto in E of Henri Vieuxtemps—the identical movements which she played on her début as a full-grown artist at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1869. Needless to add that she received a welcome full of affectionate warmth. On the following afternoon, Madame Néruda resumed her wonted place in the quartet at the Popular Concerts, there taking part with Sir Charles Hallé, Mr. Straus, and other artists in the Mozart selection provided in honour of the centenary. The programme included the composer's divertimento in B flat for strings and two horns, the pianoforte trio in E flat, the fantasia and sonata in C minor, a duet for violin and viola, and two vocal pieces sung by Mr. Santley.

The run of "The Basoché" was resumed at the Royal English Opera on Dec. 5. We congratulate Mr. D'Oyly Carte on his speedy settlement of the differences which compelled him to close his theatre. A long break might have been disastrous even to so brilliant a success as "The Basoché," while, to the members of the company who were waiting to be re-engaged, an extended period of uncertainty would have been almost as bad as the loss of salary. It is satisfactory to learn that the houses since the reopening have been uniformly good. The prices of admission have been reduced to the ordinary theatrical rate—a circumstance that ought to substantially favour the prospects of the enterprise.

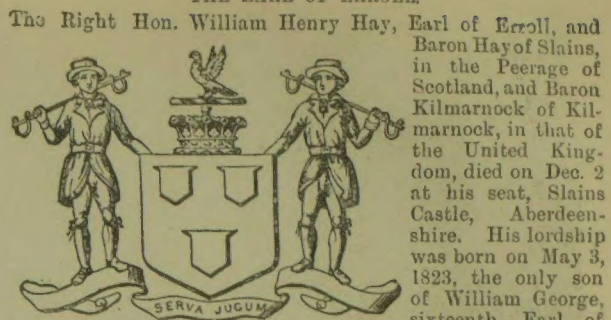
By prolonging his season at the Shaftesbury for a fortnight—from Nov. 28 to Dec. 12—Signor Lago has been in the happy position of adding a considerable sum to the profits of his autumn opera season. That remarkable little work, "Cavalleria Rusticana," has turned what at one time threatened to be a losing speculation into a highly lucrative venture, and we are not astonished to hear that the price given by Messrs. Ascherberg and Co. for the English rights of this, together with Mascagni's second opera, "L'Amico Fritz," represents the largest sum ever paid by a firm of music-publishers for a concession of the kind. By the way, Signor Mascagni has promised to attend the London production of "L'Amico Fritz," whenever that may happen.

The members of the Stock Exchange were present *au grand complet* at the first concert of the season, given by the orchestral society which bears their name, at St. James's Hall, on Dec. 8. Ladies, as usual, formed about half the audience, and the gathering, on the whole, was a tolerably "smart" one. Thanks to the ability and the serious aim of the conductor, Mr. George Kitchin, this society now occupies a leading place among amateur bodies of the kind. The strings, numbering about ninety out of a total of 115 players in the orchestra, are of first-rate quality, while intelligence and good training are made manifest by the smoothness and precision shown in the execution of really exacting works. At the concert under notice Mr. Kitchin secured a capital performance of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Sullivan's "In Memoriam" overture, and Handel's "Largo in G"; and when Professor Stanford put down his bâton, after conducting his fine prelude to the "Edipus Rex," he did so with a nod of approval that was not less fully earned than the applause which brought him back to the platform. The Male Voice Choir of the society sang Mozart's "Ave Verum," and brought forward a novelty expressly composed for them by Mr. J. F. H. Read, the venerable and gifted president. This was a choral ballad entitled "The Death of Young Romilly," set to Wordsworth's poem, "The Founding of Bolton Priory," wherein is related how young Romilly, leaping "for the hundredth time" the chasm cut by the River Wharf in its descent through a gorge in Barden Woods, is checked by the greyhound whom he holds in a leash, and falls into the boiling stream. His mother, on hearing of his death, directs that a priory shall be built in his memory near the spot where he was drowned. The story is effectively treated by Mr. Read, the voice parts being cleverly written, while the orchestration is notable for its subdued richness, the violin being silent throughout. The ballad was well sung and much applauded. Another feature in this interesting concert was the violin-playing of Miss Marie Douglas, a young artist of high promise, who gained hearty recognition for her brilliant rendering of two movements from Vieuxtemps's fourth concerto. Madame Clara Leighton sang airs from "Figaro" and "Mignon" with much acceptance.

"Zelica," an opera in two acts, founded upon Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and composed by Mr. Stephen R. Philpot, was heard in concert form at Princes' Hall on the same evening. The music did not, however, make a very favourable impression. It is obviously the effort of a young man who still has much to learn before his gift of melody and his feeling for lyrical expression will be of practical value in the treatment of so ambitious a subject as that here attempted. The principal parts were sustained by Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Ben Davies, Dr. Dan Price, and another young lady, who all did their best with the material at their disposal. An efficient band and chorus assisted, and the composer conducted. The audience was numerous and indulgent.

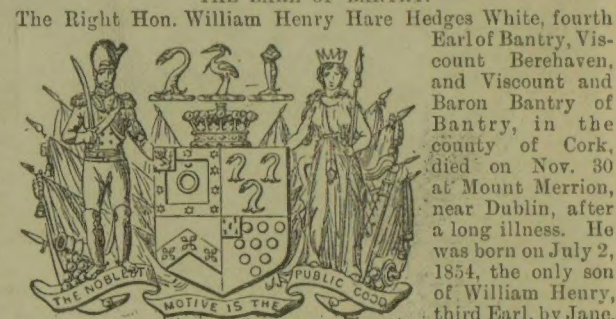
OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF ERROLL.



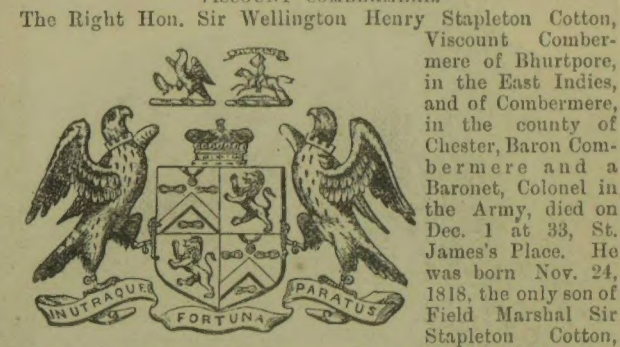
The Right Hon. William Henry Hay, Earl of Erroll, and Baron Hay of Slains, in the Peerage of Scotland, and Baron Kilmarnock, in that of the United Kingdom, died on Dec. 2 at his seat, Slains Castle, Aberdeenshire. His lordship was born on May 3, 1823, the only son of William George, sixteenth Earl of Erroll, K.T., G.C.H. (who was created in 1831 Baron Kilmarnock, and who died in 1846), by his wife, Elizabeth FitzClarence, sister of the first Earl of Munster, and illegitimate daughter of his Majesty King William IV. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Eton, and was formerly major in the Rifle Brigade, in which regiment he served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854, and was severely wounded at the battle of the Alma. He had the fifth class of the Medjidieh, the Turkish medal, and a medal with clasp. In September 1848 his lordship married Eliza Amelia, Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, and member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, eldest daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir Charles Gore, G.C.B., K.H., Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, half-brother of the third Earl of Arran—and leaves by her three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Charles Gore, Lord Kilmarnock, Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Horse Guards, now eighteenth Earl of Erroll, was born Feb. 7, 1852; married, Aug. 11, 1875, Mary Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edmund L'Estrange, of Tynte Lodge, in the county of Leitrim, and has three sons. The present Earl is the twenty-third High Constable of Scotland, and, as such, is by birth the first subject in North Britain after the blood royal, having a right to take place of every hereditary honour. This was allowed to his grandfather, sixteenth Earl of Erroll, on the visit to Scotland of King George IV.

THE EARL OF BANTRY.



The Right Hon. William Henry Hare Hedges White, fourth Earl of Bantry, Viscount Berehaven, and Viscount and Baron Bantry of Bantry, in the county of Cork, died on Nov. 30 at Mount Merrion, near Dublin, after a long illness. He was born on July 2, 1854, the only son of William Henry, third Earl, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Colonel Charles John Herbert, of Muckross, Killarney, and was grandson of Richard, Earl of Bantry, who was raised to the Peerage in 1797 in consideration of his exertions in repelling the menaced French invasion at Bantry. The nobleman whose death we record married, Feb. 18, 1886, Rosamond Catherine, daughter of the Hon. Edmund George Petre, fifth son of the eleventh Lord Petre, but had no issue.

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.



The Right Hon. Sir Wellington Henry Stapleton Cotton, Viscount Combermere of Bhurtpore, in the East Indies, and of Combermere, in the county of Chester, Baron Combermere and a Baronet, Colonel in the Army, died on Dec. 1 at 33, St. James's Place. He was born Nov. 24, 1818, the only son of Field Marshal Sir Stapleton Cotton, G.C.B., the distinguished commander, and the highly considered companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington, elevated to the Peerage after the Peninsular War in 1814. The Cottons of Combermere are one of the old and leading families of Cheshire. Lord Combermere was a Colonel in the Army, late 1st Life Guards, and sat in the House of Commons before his accession to the Peerage as M.P. for Carrickfergus. He married, July 29, 1844, Susan Alice, daughter of Sir George Sitwell, Bart., of Reinshaw, and leaves by her (who died Aug. 12, 1869) two sons and two daughters. Of the former, the elder, Robert Wellington, now third Viscount Combermere, was born June 18, 1845, and has been twice married—first, in 1866, to Charlotte Anne, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Jacob Fletcher, of Peel Hall, Lancashire; and secondly, in 1880, to Isabel Marian, daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, Bart.

SIR M. W. THOMPSON, BART.

Sir Matthew William Thompson, Bart., of Park Gate, Guiseley, Yorkshire, M.A., Cambridge, barrister-at-law, died on Dec. 1. He was born Feb. 1, 1820, the elder son of the late Mr. Matthew Thompson, of Manningham Lodge, Bradford, J.P. and D.L. for Yorkshire, by Elizabeth Sarah, his wife, daughter of the Rev. William Atkinson, of Thorpe Arch. From 1862 to 1863, and from 1872 to 1873, he acted as Mayor of Bradford, and represented that borough in Parliament from 1867 to 1868. He was created a Baronet, April 18, 1890. Sir Matthew married, May 10, 1843, his cousin Mary Ann, only surviving child of Mr. Benjamin Thompson, M.A., of Park Gate, and leaves three sons and two daughters. The eldest son, now the Rev. Sir Peile Thompson, second Baronet, was born July 19, 1844, and married, in 1871, Jessie Clare, daughter of Mr. Joseph Beaumont, of Huddersfield, by whom he has issue.

THE RIGHT HON. STEPHEN WOULFE FLANAGAN.

The Right Hon. Stephen Woulfe Flanagan, M.A., a Bench of King's Inn, Privy Councillor, and a Land Judge of the High Court of Justice in Ireland 1869 to 1886, died on Dec. 5, at his residence, Fitzwilliam Place, in his seventy-fourth year.

SIR FREDERICK WHITAKER.

The Hon. Sir Frederick Whitaker, K.C.M.G., lately Attorney-General of New Zealand, died suddenly on Dec. 4. He was born in 1812, the eldest son of the late Mr. Frederick Whitaker, of Oxford, D.L., and emigrated to New Zealand in 1840.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN: HOUSES DESTROYED IN GIFU.



CHINESE SKETCHES: THE MARKET AT SHANGHAI.



"Is it not incredible, gentlemen?" he would ask of the respectfully attentive knot of listeners at the Queen and Crown.

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN

AUTHOR OF "GOD AND THE MAN," "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

I care not for the wintry blast
That screams in my roof-tree,
I let the tempests whistle past
The walls that shelter me;
But when upon mine own hearthstone
No flame o' light I see,
I turn my face to the wall, and moan
That I forsaken be.—*The Shepherdess's Lament.*

Sadly and silently George and Geoffrey crossed the yard and entered the kitchen. Jasper was there, sitting by the window and smoking a short, battered briar-root pipe.

"Any news?" Geoffrey asked him.

"None yet awhile," said Jasper. "Miss Catherine's watching, and if there's any change she'll let me know. Ye needn't be afraid, though. None of us poor creatures can answer for the will o' God, but so far as mortal wits can answer for aught, I'll answer for the little maid's life. Take heart, Master Jarge."

"Can I see her?" asked George. "Can I speak to her?"

"I think you'd better not now," said Geoffrey. "We seem to be at the very crisis of the case. The shock of seeing you might be too much for her, and"—He hesitated a moment, and then added, "Catherine is there."

"Catherine! What then?" asked George.

"Ask yourself, lad. It is better you shouldn't meet for the moment. Leave the rest to time, and be content with Jasper's assurance that there is hope."

"Ye may, Master Jarge," said Jasper. "Ye may. Bide here a minute, and maybe I'll have news for ye."

He laid his pipe on the table and left the kitchen.

"You're right," said George to Geoffrey, after a long minute's silence; "I've no right to remain in this house. Tell her from me, Geoffrey, that it is not my fault that we are separated; but that we must never meet again. 'Tis I who have already put her life in peril. Yes," he continued, in answer to a searching look on Geoffrey's face; "by turning love into hate, I've almost brought about her death."

He turned to the window, and looked out blindly, unconscious of the look of strange meaning which Geoffrey bent upon him.

A few minutes later Jasper re-entered the kitchen, so softly that they scarcely heard his step upon the floor.

"She's saved!" cried the old man, in a joyful whisper.

"Saved!" repeated George, turning swiftly on him.

"Ay, saved! The corner's turned. She's lying asleep, like a child. Her skin's as soft as silk, and her breathing like a new-born babe's. Ye can go home happy, Master Jarge."

There was more in his last words than met the ear. George crossed the room, and, speaking in a harsh dry whisper, said—

"You knew 'twas poison?"

"Ay, and I guessed, too, who gave it. And, knowing that, I took care to gi'e the antidote and cleanse the poison out before yon bragging hodmedod could get nigh her wi' his science, as he calls it. Don't be afraid, my lad. Tell your feyther I'll hold my tongue; for if I spoke 'twould only breed more trouble and do no good to anybody."

George grasped his hand.

"God bless you, Shepherd!" was all he could say. "God bless you!"

"Ay, ay, lad!" said the old man, heartily returning the grip. "Lord! Lord!" he said, with a laugh to Geoffrey. "How that vile Dutton will brag o' this cure! Well, he's welcome to it. 'Twill be a rare feather in his cap."

George crossed over to Geoffrey, and took his hand.

"You'll see her Geoffrey, soon. Give her my love—my love and blessing. Tell her, too, that I forgive Catherine for coming between us. But warn Bridget to take care—that hate may find her, even here. From this day forward I shall come no more. After what has passed, my heart sickens under this roof."

He bent his head, a great sob forced its way and shook his whole body with its violence. He passed his disengaged hand across his eyes, and, returning Geoffrey's sympathising pressure once more, withdrew the hand he held, and hurried from the house.

Jasper's news was true. From the moment of falling asleep, after the administration of the Shepherd's antidote, Bridget began to mend, and had she no more to recover from than the Gaffer's poison, might have risen from her bed whole and sound that evening.

It was the heart, not the body, that ailed now, which suffered by the poison of her sister's words as the body had done by the hellbroth the vile old man had administered in the treacherous draught.

Bridget lay like a bruised flower on which some careless or malignant foot had trodden, her vital force fighting hard and sternly against the wound, gaining a little every hour, not because she either hoped or cared to live, but by the pure strength of youth.

But as she grew slowly back to bodily health the estrangement between her and her sister deepened. Catherine had heard with a passion of silent joy Jasper's final assurance of her sister's recovery; silent joy perforce, for the child was sleeping, and to have awakened her might have meant grave injury or even death. For the first hour or two after that news there was not a bitter thought in Catherine's heart. Even her passionate desire for George's love had been quenched for the moment by the dumb anguish of her fear for Bridget's life, the awful feeling, natural to her deep nature, that God had heard the wicked words she had spoken, and was punishing her by granting her impious wish.

But, the shock of joy over, with the certainty of Bridget's continued life came the thought of all it meant!

Those few hours of bitter agony had chastened Catherine's nature to such a point that, had the choice been presented to her of laying down her life that her sister and rival might live and enjoy the happiness denied to her, she would have done so with scarce a struggle—nay, would have welcomed the moment of that crowning sacrifice. But the nature capable of such complete self-immolation required further chastening yet before it would let her live to witness her sister's triumph. The bitterness of hate was gone, but the sanctity of renewed and perfect affection was not yet born, and empty of hate and hope alike, her heart seemed barren of human feeling.

She performed the offices of the sick-room with a dead, mechanical regularity which Bridget found more bitter to bear than her sister's absence and neglect would have been.

Catherine's set face, which she sometimes forced to a pitiful smile, crushed her. A score of times a day, could she have found the courage, she would have flung her arms about her sister's neck, and have blessed and thanked her with glad tears and kisses. One kindly touch of Catherine's hand, one mute look of the old, unclouded affection of which, so short a time ago, her eyes had been so full, would have melted the spell that bound her. But it never came.

With a bitter self-abasement, which was more remorse than repentance, Catherine ministered to her sister's needs, but the love which would have fallen on the tender, wounded heart like dew, the only medicine Bridget needed, was not yet hers to give.

Bridget was not to blame that under Catherine's unchanging mask of stony duty she could not read the struggle that was passing in her heart. Naturally, her honest mind, unconscious of any wilful wrong done to her sister, revolted against the cold injustice of Catherine's treatment.

"What right has she to be angry and unkind?" she asked

herself with passionate reiteration. "Is it my fault that George loves me? Is it a sin for me to love George? If she had ever told me of her feelings towards him, I might have conquered mine for her sake, but she never gave a word or sign. It is unjust! It is cruel!"

And so, the two sisters, whose whole life-history till now had been a pure and beautiful devotion one to the other, were being swept apart, the gulf which separated them growing hourly deeper and wider. To Bridget, her convalescence—the prospect of life with neither the old affection nor the new love which might have replaced it—was a nightmare. There were moments when she longed intensely for death, and wondered, that, so longing, she should yet continue to gain strength with every passing hour.

In the dead silence of the night, as she lay awake, fearing to stir lest the sound should bring that implacable figure of her sister to her bedside, she wept long and silently.

"Is it wicked to want to die? Is it wicked to pray to die?"

Her soul's desire flashed into words before she knew.

"Oh, God, let me die, if it be Thy will!"

Mr. Dutton, as the reader has probably discovered by this time, was not likely to be reticent about any matter which he conceived likely to redound to his own glory and importance, and he was very loud over his successful treatment of Bridget's case. It was a double triumph for him, for he had not merely, in his own belief, saved the girl's life, but had scored a final and conspicuous victory over that presumptuous personal foe of science, Jasper the Shepherd.

Dutton was by no means an unkindly man, and though he would have taken the recommendation to silence regarding Jasper's diagnosis of the case in Catherine's presence more quietly if it had come from anybody but Jasper, he still respected it, and did not add to Catherine's troubles or his own triumph by speaking of it to her. But in the village ale-house, and in the rooms which his crony Marsh occupied over the saddler's shop, he was loud in derision of the silly old quack.

His idea of conversational style at inspired moments was to cram into any given sentence as many polysyllables as it could be expected to hold without bursting, and his talk was listened to with awestruck respect by his simple audience.

"Is it not incredible, gentlemen," he would ask of the respectfully attentive knot of listeners at the Queen and Crown—"is it not incredible that at this epoch of unprecedented scientific activity, at this apex, I may say, of our vaunted civilisation, an individual like Miss Catherine Thorpe, a territorial proprietress, a woman of wealth and education, should encourage the superstitious devices of a rural quack-salver? But for me, but for my promptitude and firmness in vindicating the science of which I am an unworthy exponent, Miss Bridget must have inevitably succumbed to the malpractices of that old charlatan. Of his insolence to me personally I say nothing. I can, I hope, afford to pass it over in the contemptuous silence it merits. But when I consider that through the supineness and indolence of the legal authorities of this neighbourhood the lives of our fellow-citizens, of her Majesty's liege subjects, gentlemen, are liable to be juggled away by the mumbo-jumbo of an uneducated yokel, who presumptuously dares to tamper with the mysteries of my craft, I feel that the occasion demands legislative interference. Are there, or are there not, laws constituted by her Majesty's legislative assemblies for the repression and punishment of illegal medical practitioners? There are! And in my opinion there should be also laws to visit with condign punishment those individuals who encourage and employ such impostors, to the detriment of society and of the public health."

He dramatised his battle with Jasper, and, after one or two recitals of it, polished his retorts to the impudent assumptions of that old pretender to such a polysyllabic perfection that the Shepherd's continued existence seemed a wonder.

Marsh said that a man who could talk like that ought to be in Parliament.

Dutton, in his own style of oratory, made it clear that he thought he had for ever made it impossible for the most ignorant of Jasper's clients to believe in him any more.

The case of Miss Thorpe had been one of life or death. Even he had been puzzled by the symptoms. Many doctors—men as well read as himself in the mysteries of medicine, but lacking his courage and decision—might have lost the patient by hesitation. He had acted with promptitude, and there was Miss Bridget Thorpe, alive and recovering.

From the first administration of his antispasmodic she had turned the corner. Had he not been by, that old quack would have poured into the poor young lady's system some detestable concoction as an antidote for poison. Poison, quotha! It was lucky for the old ass that he had not been permitted to meddle.

CHAPTER XX.

THE LAST BLOW.

When all the world hath turned away,
And dulness clouds the sky and air,
If thou, O love, wilt be my stay,
There is no woe I will not bear!
O love, sweet love, remain awhile
Here in these shadows where I fare.
Cheered by thy presence and thy smile,
I'll sing aloud without a care!
But wing away and leave me lone,
Who then shall comfort my despair?
To lose thee, love, and linger on,
Is the one woe I cannot bear.—Sir Thomas Sutton.

Geoffrey had started at a round pace for the farm, but before he had covered half the ground his speed slackened and his walk became slow and uncertain.

Dutton's braggart talk had revived and given form to a fear which had been tormenting him ever since George's appearance on the previous morning. The words George had used: "Tis I who have put her life in peril. By turning love into hate, I have almost brought about her death," had been constantly in his mind. Combined with the news of Catherine's visit to the sheepfold (he had been afraid to ask George if he had learned that circumstance from his father), and with Jasper's positive assertion that Bridget was suffering from the effects of poison, the words had seemed to Geoffrey to intimate on George's part so horrible a suspicion of Catherine that he wondered how any man, even so distraught with grief as George was at Bridget's danger and suffering, could entertain it.

From an open enemy, or from one merely indifferent, the accusation would have been sufficiently terrible, but from George, the man whom Catherine loved—Geoffrey's heart sank within him as he thought of making the truth known to her. If Dutton had only held his tongue about Jasper's reading of the case, there would have been no need to speak; Bridget's recovery would have covered everything. But now the Shepherd's suspicion—which Geoffrey, we must remember, knew to be a certainty—would be all over the village in a few hours. The flood-gates of tattle once opened, there was no knowing what might ensue.

"She must be told," said Geoffrey. "She must be put on her guard. I'd rather cut off my right hand than do it, but it's got to be done."

He resumed his rapid walk, and arriving at the farm, went straight to the kitchen-door, and knocked. Receiving no answer to his summons, he opened the door and looked in. Catherine was sitting with her back towards him, staring into the fading fire, whose dying flicker was the only light in the room.

She did not hear his entrance, and he was almost at her side before the sound of his step roused her from the trance of thought in which she was plunged. She started with a quick and sudden tremor, and called his name.

"Yes," he said; "'tis I, Miss Catherine."

"You startled me. I—I was thinking."

"I knocked," said Geoffrey.

"I didn't hear you," she said, and rising, began to busy herself in lighting the lamp and arranging the articles on the dresser. Geoffrey followed her motions, debating in his mind how best to begin what he had to say, until the silence became unendurable.

At last he cleared his throat, and spoke in the most commonplace tone he could assume.

"So the danger's over, Catherine, and the little one is pulling round."

"Yes," said Catherine. "She'll be about in a little while now."

She spoke wearily, as if of a subject which had no particular interest for her or anyone.



"Poison!" she repeated, at last, in a faint whisper.

He would have killed the patient, gentlemen, and then—why, then, it might have been a hanging job for him!

Geoffrey Doone, drinking his sober glass of ale before going to his solitary cottage, heard Dutton's voice booming away in the bar-parlour, interrupted every now and then by Marsh's cackling tones.

"The prating idiot!" he muttered to himself: "If he guessed what he was doing, even he would hold his bragging tongue. It'll be all over the place now that Jasper suspected poison, and then—there's no saying what a crowd of ignorant gossips might think or say."

He stood with his half-emptied glass in his hand, staring before him with knitted brows.

"Plain speech is best, nine cases out of ten," he said half aloud: "I'll go and see her now. She'd better learn it from me than from the public talk."

He set the glass upon the table, and, walking out of the inn, made his way through the deserted lanes to the farm.

"It must be a great relief to you. You must be very glad."

"I—I suppose so. Yes, very glad," said Catherine, in the same hollow and uninterested tone. "She has come round as quickly as she ailed. I don't know what can have been the matter with her. I asked Jasper, but he seemed to avoid the question."

Geoffrey's heart jumped. She had herself approached the subject he had meant to speak of. It was his opportunity, but he somehow could not force himself to speak, and meanwhile Catherine went on.

"I've helped her to dress, and placed her in the armchair by the window of her room."

"Why are you not with her?" asked Geoffrey.

"Because she doesn't need me. She doesn't want me."

"Has she said so?"

"Said so?" answered Catherine, with a dreary half-laugh.

"She has said nothing. She looks, that's all. When I'm with her, her eyes follow me all about the room, and when I look at her, or speak to her, they fill with tears. We're best apart. When she wants anything she will call me. I'll go to her, but—I can't sit with her alone."

"Why not?" asked Geoffrey.

"Because I can't," answered Catherine, and the woman's reason for once seemed sufficient. "I can't bear to be with her," she added, sitting at the table and letting her head fall between her hands. "It's like being with a corpse. If she'd cry, or reproach me, or curse me as I cursed her the other night, I could bear it better than her silence. It kills me. It drives me mad. There are moments when I think I am mad."

Her bent figure, the trembling hands which clutched the heavy coils of her loosened hair, the hollow and monotonous voice, were all eloquent of despair.

Geoffrey looked at her with an infinite pity in his rugged face. There was silence between them for a time, till Catherine, raising her face with a long, tremulous sigh, met her companion's gaze.

"What's the matter?" she asked, half angrily resenting the compassion she read in it. "Why do you look at me like that?"

"Because I'm troubled on your account, Catherine."

"And why on my account?" she demanded.

He did not answer immediately, but stood looking down at his intertwined fingers and gnawing his lower lip.

"Why on my account?" she asked again.

"I think you know," he said slowly and with difficulty. "I think you know, Catherine, that I would serve you if I could—that I'm your friend?"

"Yes," she answered, with a momentary recurrence of something like her old familiar manner. "I know that, Geoffrey—the best and truest in the world. I've never doubted that. I never shall, I hope, whatever else I come to doubt."

"That's good to hear," said Geoffrey, simply. "It helps me to speak."

All the same, there was a pause of some seconds before he opened his lips again.

"There's something on my mind I want to tell you, Catherine. I must tell you, though it chokes me in the saying."

"Well, Geoffrey, what is it?"

For the moment her faithful servant's personal trouble drew Catherine from the dull, uninterested mood into which she had fallen.

"Speak out, please. It isn't like you to be afraid to speak your mind, especially to me."

"I'd rather cut my tongue out than tell you," he groaned. "But you'd better hear it from me than from other people, perhaps from—well, it's this. I've been having a glass of beer at the Queen and Crown, and I heard Dutton talking about Miss Bridget's sickness, and saying how he'd cured her and kept old Jasper from meddling with the case. Now, we know—you and I—that it was not Dutton who saved her, but Jasper."

"Well," said Catherine, wonderingly; "what's coming of all this?"

"If you'll wait a minute you'll see," answered Geoffrey. "Tain't so easy to explain. You say you asked Jasper to tell you what ailed the child?"

"Yes."

"And he wouldn't give you a straight answer?"

"No. He avoided the question. His manner was very strange."

"Well," said Geoffrey, more uncomfortably than ever, "he told me, and he asked me to keep quiet about it, and so I should have done, only—"

"Well, well!" cried Catherine. "Why don't you speak? Don't you see how you are torturing me?"

"Well, then, in a word," said Geoffrey, screwing his courage to the sticking point with a mighty effort, "what ailed the lass was this—she'd taken some deadly poison."

Catherine's breath escaped in a quick pant. The word seemed to have stabbed her like a knife.

"Poison!" she repeated at last in a faint whisper. "Impossible!"

"No," said Geoffrey, "it isn't impossible—it's true! Jasper treated her for poison, and saved her life, so poison it must have been. Now," he continued, "I want to ask you a question?"

Catherine's eyes dwelt on his face with an unchanging look of horror. She nodded slightly, but could find no word to speak.

"Did you go, the night before last, up to the sheepfold on the Weald to speak with Jasper?"

"If I did," asked Catherine, "what then?"

"Why did you go there?"

"Whose business is that but mine?" asked Catherine.

"It concerns us all," said Geoffrey, "for your sake. Jasper knows the plants that cure sickness in man and beast. He knows, too, the plants which breed poison and cause death. If I had a sick beast I wished to kill without pain, I should go to Jasper. If I had an enemy I hated, or saw somebody standing between me and my heart's desire, I might, if the devil put the thought into my head, go to the same man."

"My God!" cried Catherine, staggering to her seat. "What do you mean?"

"It's not my thought, Catherine. Lord forbid that such a thought should ever enter my mind. But George Kingsley has been here. He knows that Bridget has been almost done to death by poison. Put these things together, Miss Catherine, and think what folks may say. Your visit to the Weald the night before last, the little one's sickness next morning—a sickness which only Jasper knew how to cure—and then George's last words to me, that his heart sickened beneath this roof. I can hear his voice now," Geoffrey continued: "'Tell Bridget from me it is not my fault we are separated, but that we must never meet again. 'Tis I who have already put her life in peril. By turning love into hate I've almost brought about her death.' Those were his words, Catherine, George Kingsley's words."

Catherine had risen from her seat.

"He said that!" she cried. "George? He suspected me—accused me of poisoning my sister?"

"Not in words, poor lad," said Geoffrey, "but I fear he thinks."

"And you?" she cried fiercely. "You? What do you think, Geoffrey Doone?"

"I'd stake my life that it's a lie! No," he cried, as she opened her lips to speak again, "I want no denial. I've think I need any? The thing's a lie on the face of it—a lie as black as hell. I spoke to warn you, to put you on your guard. The accusation must be met, if it is made, and it may be. The Gaffer saw you at the sheepfold. I fear—I fear that George suspects you, and that fool Dutton is talking of Jasper saying Bridget had been poisoned. It's like a trail of gun-powder that any stray spark may fire. Your estrangement from Bridget, too, would give it colour with folk who like to think evil, and God knows there's no lack of such. I would have spared you if I could," he continued miserably, "but I had to speak. If it hits you so hard coming from me, who knows that you're innocent, think what it would have been if you had felt it whispered about you, the country talk, the scandal growing, then reaching the little one's ears, and turning her whole heart against you!"

Catherine had sunk to her seat again, her arms lay lax on the table in front of her, her eyes vacant, her face as pale as ashes.

"Come, come, Catherine!" cried Geoffrey, taking her hand: "Bear a brave heart. Don't let it break you down. It's a time for strength, not for weakness. You love the little lass. Take her back to your heart again, and let the world see it. What's a silly lying rumour like this, against all your life of love and devotion, that has made you a proverb over the country-side for all that's good and kind?"

Catherine took no heed of his voice or of the touch of his hand. She seemed neither to hear nor to feel. The blow had been too heavy, brain and heart were crushed by it for the moment. Her dumb, vacant stare frightened Geoffrey, and wrung his heart with an unspeakable anguish.

"Don't think any harder of the lad than you can help, Catherine," he said, with a tremor in his voice.

His whole honest heart was filled with pity for the suffering of the woman he loved, and he bent himself to the task of defending the man she had preferred to him. He was eager to do this, simply and gladly, if thereby he might by a straw's weight reduce her burden.

"He loves the little lass. 'Tis not in our control to love or stop loving. It might be happier for some of us if 'twas different," he continued, with a patient sigh; "but it isn't. Love comes and goes as the wind shakes the wheat—as God wills it, I suppose. George knows of your quarrel with her, and I suppose the Gaffer told him of seeing you at the sheepfold. It's an awful thought to have against you, but the lad's mad with love, and he's not responsible. He'll come to see how wrong and wicked such a thought is. He'll repent and make amends for it."

Still Catherine neither moved nor spoke, but sat staring vacantly at him, with a set look of horror and despair which chilled his blood, and the thought flashed across his mind that the shock had unhinged her reason.

"You're overset," he said, going to the dresser and pouring out a glass of water from a jug there. "Here, drink this, Miss Catherine."

He held it to her lips, but by this time she was breathing so rapidly that she could not have drunk, even had she been conscious of his well-intended assistance. Suddenly she rose, with a convulsed face, an expression he had never seen there before, and began to pace about the kitchen, her breathing became stertorous and was interrupted by loud, rending sobs.

A man more accustomed to the ways of women than was Geoffrey would have understood the crisis, but he was helpless, and could only follow her, entreating her to be calm. She seemed neither to see nor to hear him.

The sobs became moans, the moans shrieks, and with a wild clutch at the air she fell to the floor, crying so that the house rang with her voice. Hurried footsteps and the voices of frightened women were heard, and Amanda and another girl burst into the room.

"It's hysterics!" cried Amanda. "Get some water, loosen her dress, and you, that be a man," she continued to Geoffrey, "go thy ways and let her be, a poor suffering lamb."

Poor Geoffrey, thoroughly bewildered, went out into the open air, with a dim sense of having seen Bridget's frightened face peering from the staircase door. Catherine's shrieks rang in his ears for half an hour afterwards, and it was not till they ceased that he dared to knock timidly at the kitchen door and ask for news of her.

She was better, Amanda said. Should he go for the doctor? No. She would not have the doctor. Miss Bridget was with her. She seemed like a mad thing, kissing Miss Bridget and crying over her.

"Whatever have you been a-saying to her, Mr. Doone, to upset her in this wise?" asked the servant.

"That I can't tell you," said Geoffrey. "I'll call and see how she is in the morning," and so went home, as unhappy a man as any in England.

(To be continued.)

AUTOGRAPHS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The common, or American, autograph-hunter is an Idiot. This view is not the mere petulant expression of spleen, but a theory based on evidence and fit to go to a jury, either English or American. Who but an idiot would act thus?—send a letter across sea to an Englishman, asking for that victim's autograph, and enclosing an envelope, the flap gummed down, directed to—

AURELIUS F. DARFREE,
Nebraska Avenue, Pappooseville, Pa.

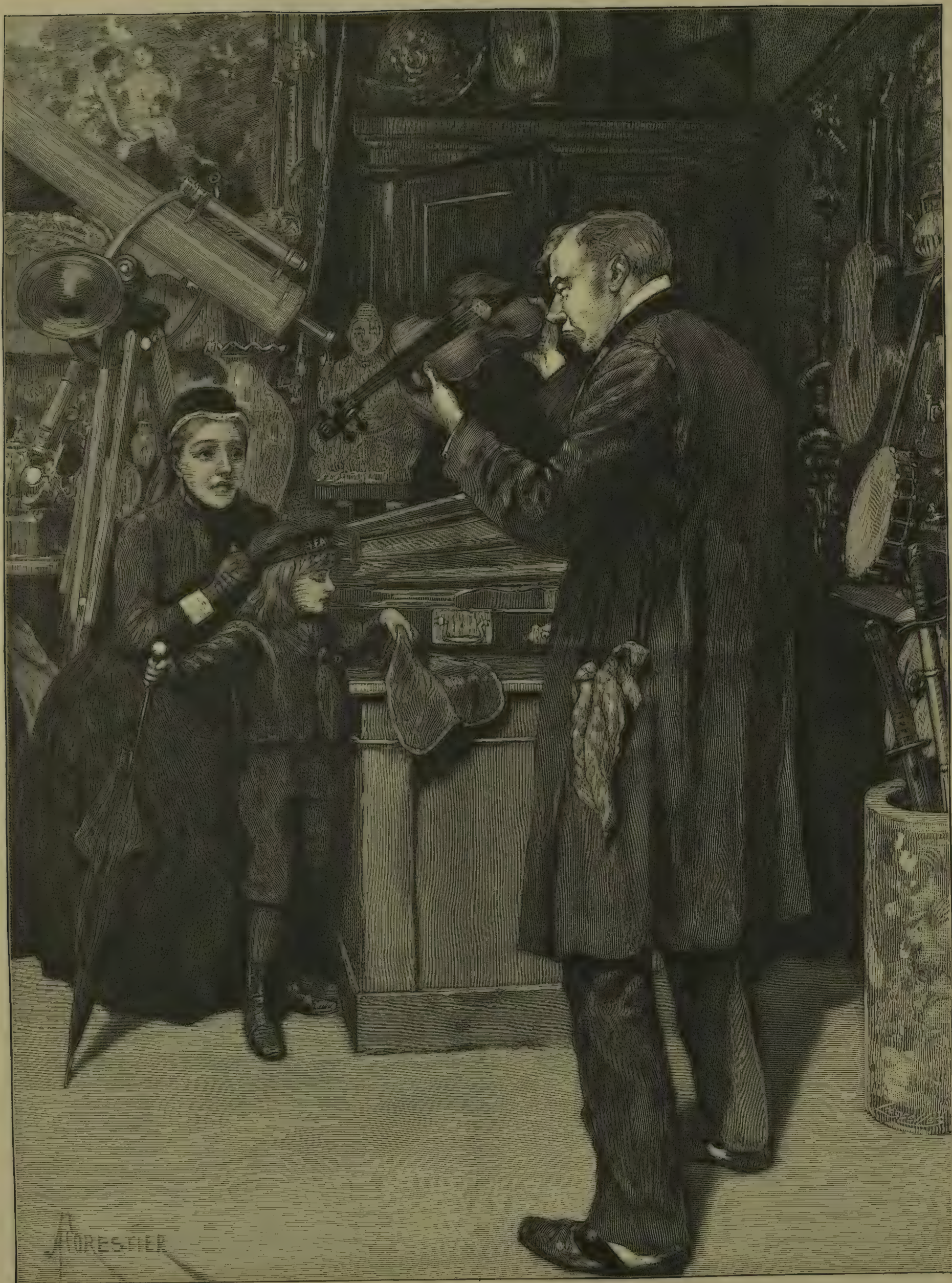
and stamped with an American stamp! This is quite a common performance of the American autograph-hunter, and, of course, is proof palpable of naked imbecility. What has our Post Office to do with the stamp of the United States, or what can one make of the small silver coin, value threepence, which the American frequently encloses?

There are, however, autograph-hunters and autograph-hunters. For one, I can see no value or interest in the mere signature of a distinguished person, dead or alive, or in a mere note accepting an invitation to dinner, or the like. I would not give an American stamp for the handwriting even of the Man in the Iron Mask, unless the autograph threw some light on his character and history. He seems generally to have written on his own shirts, or on silver plates, which he threw out of the window: but, unless he said something of interest on these odd materials, they do not seem of importance. The same rule applies to many "relics" which people

collect. There is Rob Roy's purse—a small, ordinary leather pouch, which could not have contained much of Rob's ill-gotten wealth. One sees no merit in that kind of twopenny relic. It might have been any drover's purse. In the same way, an autograph, to be interesting should be more than mere ink and paper. It should be characteristic. Lately I saw a letter from a mysterious person, written in a very slovenly style, and probably "unique." I could not but gaze on this with a certain pathetic admiration. "Impostor, monomaniac, martyr—what wert thou?" one asked oneself. But the quarto sheet, which did not even bear the name of the place whence it was written, and which closed abruptly in the middle of a sentence, could return no answer. Still, this piece was an historical document, and it is only when autographs are documents, historical or literary, that they possess any merit. This is the view, probably, of the more sensible collector, who accumulates materials for history, literary or political, and so is not to be confounded with the common herd of "bores." There is a little periodical—the *Archivist* (published at 47, Great Russell Street)—which contains curious little facts now and then. Thus, we learn that the handwriting of Mr. Disraeli changed frequently and thoroughly, "not only in its general appearance but also in the formation of the letters and every other diversity which can be made in joining of letters together, or crossing t's, in making loops, &c." When writing in the third person, "Mr. Disraeli presents his compliments," or the like, the politician made a gap between *Dis* and *raeli*. Now, Mr. Gladstone's hand has not altered for the last forty-five years.

By the way, the Abbé, the omniscient Abbé in "Monte Cristo," says that all men write the same character with their left hands. The Abbé was certainly mistaken. One of the many modern literary victims of writer's cramp has taken to writing with his left hand, and the hand, a very clear one, is precisely the same as that which was already so familiar, and probably so welcome, to printers. Perhaps it is a trifle more upright and a very little tremulous. I fancy that men really form their letters in the same way with either hand, and that Dumas's Abbé was in the wrong for once.

The *Archivist* contains an article on the comparative market value of autographs. Some writer in the *Daily News* has been wondering that people will pay £30 for a letter of Shelley's, and only £6 for quite as long and interesting a letter from Scott. Something should surely depend on the interest of the letter, and that will vary with different readers. I have, or I had, a letter from Scott to my grandfather, asking for information about the "Racburn Meadow spot," where an ancestor of Scott's was killed in a duel, to which my "forbear" replied with a map of the scene. This, of course, was interesting to me, but a letter from Shelley about Harriet would be much more valuable to the Shelley Society. But *ceteris paribus*, it is plain enough that rarity governs the selling price of autographs. Shelley's life was short; his letters are rare. He was an infinitely better letter-writer than Sir Walter; he imparted far more artistic value to his correspondence. But this is not what gives selling value to his epistles. Probably, Scott wrote fifty that are extant for one of Shelley's, just as he sold 10,000 copies of a book for ten of Shelley's. Thus, the letters of the younger poet, and his first editions, are infinitely more valued by collectors. For the same reason the Duke of Wellington's letters are cheap, while, for all I know, those of Stonewall Jackson are expensive, and those ill-spelled missives of Claverhouse may be worth a great deal of money. One cannot guess what would be paid for a song of Lovelace's in his own hand, but probably one of Wordsworth's would not be greatly valued, merely because Wordsworth made a good many surviving copies. A poem of "paper-sparing Pope" on the back of an old letter ought to be precious, just because it is characteristic of Pope's pet economy. Pascal's MSS., as the *Archivist* says, are peculiarly personal. The *pensées* are jotted down, in an almost undecipherable scrawl, on any scrap of waste-paper that was handy. "There are frequent abbreviations, erasures, interlinations, and additions, stuck in anyhow on the margins and corners of the paper." A mass of Pascal's papers is believed to have perished in the French Revolution, a great loss to literature; and these, indeed, would be autographs worth finding. And what would we not give for the familiar letters of Molière? But we might as soon expect to find those of Shakspeare, for the traces of Molière's pen are even scarcer than those of the English dramatist. Pascal was, indeed, more fortunate than Molière, as a copy of some of the lost documents had been made, and were discovered by M. Faugère about 1844. The moral is not to despair of finding anything. While we ransack Egyptian graves for papyri, many old English and Scotch families allow their MSS. to be given away as autographs, or to perish of damp in lofts over stables and similar unholy places. Much has been rescued and printed; very much remains to be done. Probably there is a great mass of Stuart papers simply clamouring for the security of print. If these exist (there was half a million of them!) they must have more romantic interest than the "whole pile of letters by Andrew Fuller relating to the early history of the Baptist Missionary Society," which Dr. Raffles rescued. "A prosaic housewife" kept them in a barrel, and used them as she happened to need them for purposes of the kitchen. Dr. Raffles bought, for eighteen-pence, the bill for the expenses of Mary Stuart's execution. The Catalogue of Mr. Davey contains interesting facts about prices. An album of poetical autographs, from Byron to Tupper, is valued at £10 10s., and this is a warning to the common autograph-hunting bore. He may badger all living people, and, even if he succeeds, he will not make up five pounds' worth of trash, at a vast expense of time and other men's tempers. Now, a similar album with letters of Wordsworth's, and Rosa M. Carey's, and M. W. Robinson's, and G. P. R. James's, and many more "celebrities" is offered at the ransom of £5; while Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Mr. William Black, Mr. Sala, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Carlyle, Mrs. Shelley, Charles Kingsley, and dozens of others, go for £8. This is good news; autographs are cheap; hence, perhaps, they will be less clamoured for by the indiscreet. The most expensive letter-writers seem to be Keats, Cardinal Beaton, George Eliot, Fielding, Andrew Marvell, Edgar Poe, Sterne, Shelley, Pope, all of whom are where the autograph-hunter ceases from troubling. Few living men are worth half a crown, so they too might be left in quiet.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE NANKOW PASS.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

THE JEW AT HOME. BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

II.—IN AUSTRIAN POLAND.

Brody, the largest Jewish town in Austro-Hungary, lies so near the Russian frontier that that part of it which is not Jewish is almost Russian. Here, as at all the other frontier towns, three languages are spoken, but they are languages which are not studied by the average linguist—Polish, Russian, and Hebrew. Of course, every Jew, and this means almost everybody, talks a sort of German, while the chances are that the seediest may ask you where you come from in English, French, or Italian. For the Jew of this country is something like the Chinaman: he goes abroad to make a little money, and when he has made it, he comes home, not to enjoy it, like the Italian, but to gain more, if he can, out of his fellow-countrymen.

Brody is interesting, not only because it is the largest Jewish town in that part of Austro-Hungary which was formerly Poland, but because here one sees fully developed a curious architecture of which there are traces in Lemberg, Cracow, and Warsaw. The central part of the town is strongly built with great stone two-storeyed houses, which have huge iron doors on the ground-floor and strong iron shutters to all the windows. These buildings were the storerooms of merchants when Brody was a prosperous commercial city; to-day they are the warrens in which burrow innumerable Jewish families. Late in the morning, for the Jew is not an early bird, they unbar the iron doors and come out; early in the evening they bar themselves up behind them for the night. Not even in the most important bank is there such a suggestion of strength about doors and windows, such an apparent fear that someone may break in. Naturally, people who bury themselves in warehouses, never intended to be lived in, cannot expect to be over-healthy; and, to make matters worse, their refuse is all pitched into the street, which is nothing more than an open sewer. Their sanitary habits and customs are rather too primitive to be gone into.

In Brody and all the other towns I went to, save Lemberg (where there was a Jewish theatre, which I did not see, however, because it was closed), the Jews seemed to have no amusement except going to the synagogue. But I was in Brody during the celebration or anniversary of the Exodus, and at this they certainly were enjoying themselves. The chief synagogue in Brody is a huge square building, with a large hall for the men in the centre and on either side, like side aisles in a church, two smaller



HE TAKES THE GREATEST POSSIBLE PRIDE IN HIS OWN COSTUME.



IN THE STREETS OF BRODY.

rooms for the women. Through narrow grated windows the latter look in on the ceremony, which that night seemed to have as great an attraction for them as it had for me. The main hall was crowded with a pushing, struggling mass of men and boys. They walked about, talked to friends in their loudest tones, breaking off to chant responses or to pray with that violent bending of the body which, merely to look at, makes one almost dizzy. Small boys ran up and down, carrying little banners with lighted candles atop, or let off squibs and fire-crackers. A lot of curious ceremonies were gone through, the most singular of which, in one of the smaller synagogues, was the unending dance of a number of men. But what was most notable was that the place was less like a church than a stock exchange or a bourse, where every few minutes business and talk were interrupted by the chanting of responses and by prayers. It might have been the synagogue denounced by Christ in Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago. The squabbles among the small boys, always violently suppressed by their elders; the ever-recurring striking of the two great boards; the struggle to get up on the central platform; the never-ending procession of the great scrolls, around and around; the really beautiful singing which was heard at times; the marvellous beauty of the old swinging brass lamps in which this synagogue is so rich; the haggling and the disputing—none of these things could let me forget for a minute the awful stench of filthy human flesh which pervaded the place. I have been present at almost all the great religious festivals of Europe, in which people pack themselves together in over-heated and badly ventilated buildings for hours. But never in my life, in any country, or under any conditions, have I been sickened by such a smell as in these Jewish synagogues. While the greater number of the men are in the synagogue, many of the women devote themselves to their toilet, never taking the trouble to close their curtainless windows: a walk through the town at this hour will show one a surprising series of realistic pictures of Susannah, and apparently the sight is so common that it seems no longer to interest the elders. Whether because the Jew delights in exhibiting the interior of his house, or whether because of some old law which compelled him to do everything in public, it is a fact that he performs in quite open manner all those functions usually considered strictly private. All through this part of the country a window-curtain in a Jew's house is almost unknown, and privacy is unsought. On the other hand, there is nothing to see in his house. Its interior is the barest, most forlorn, most uninteresting imaginable, and it is not, as far as I could discover, until after the Jew is dead that he has the slightest pride in his looks. Then it seems necessary that he should be buried with the rest of his people under a tombstone some 8 ft or 10 ft. high, decorated in the most fantastic fashion; one side is gilded elaborately, and covered with Hebrew characters, though the other, perfectly plain, save for a tiny inscription, is unhewn and rough. But even here, in their cemetery as in their quarter in the town, the Jews are crowded and jostled together. The graveyard of Brody, with the great stones leading in every direction, backed up against a deep, dark wood, through which, here and there, you may see a long black figure wandering, is one of the uncanniest places I ever got into, and it had the same unkempt, uncared for look that is over every street and square where the Jews live. However, unwilling or unable as the Jew is to spend money on himself, he seems ready to spend it on his neighbour. Miserable as is his own home, he manages to support a large Jewish hospital, which is reasonably clean and comfortable.

The weekly market was held while I was in Brody. The peasants, who came from the surrounding country, were all in more or less picturesque costume, especially the women, but the Jewesses of the town wore no distinctive dress, though some of the better class had their hair arranged in that horribly quaint fashion of about 1850, and wore earrings of the same awful period. There was no attempt, as in the markets of so many Hungarian and Austrian towns where Jews are few or none, to supply the peasants with their own often beautiful costume. For, if in Europe there have been now and then great Jewish musicians, great Jewish poets and artists, it is no less certain that the average Jew all over the south-eastern part of the Continent is doing his best to crush out all artistic sense in the peasants by supplanting their really good handiwork with the vilest machine-made trash that he can procure. He himself is altogether without any appreciation of beauty. In Brody, if one pointed to the lovely old Dutch lamps in the synagogue as proof to the contrary, the Jew would quickly make it clear that his pride in them is really due not to the loveliness of their design, but to the price a bric-à-brac dealer from Vienna once offered for them. The only things the Jew had for sale in the Brody market were old clothes, which may have come from Vienna or Budapest, or anywhere else, apparently all the old stove-pipe hats of Europe, and the poorest, cheapest fabrics, which he was endeavouring to force the peasant to buy. It is a curious trait of the Polish Jew that, while he shows the keenest pride in his own ringlets, actually going to his barber to have them curled, shedding tears when, forced to serve his term in the Austrian Army, they must be cut off; while he furls his dirty old caftan around him and proudly promenades about in his old *ceelynder*, which most people would consider worn out before he ever got it—in a word, while he takes the greatest possible pride in his own costume, he takes the greatest possible pains to make all other people give up theirs. The Jew with clothes to sell is the same the world over. He rushes out and assails everyone who passes in Brody, as in Whitechapel or New York. For a man whose sole aim in life is buying and selling, his methods are most unbusiness-like and repulsive.

The inquisitiveness of the Polish Jew is something one cannot understand. There is an awful desire with him always to know where you came from and what you are doing. The minute this is gratified, however, he shows no further active interest in you, though he may have used half-a-dozen

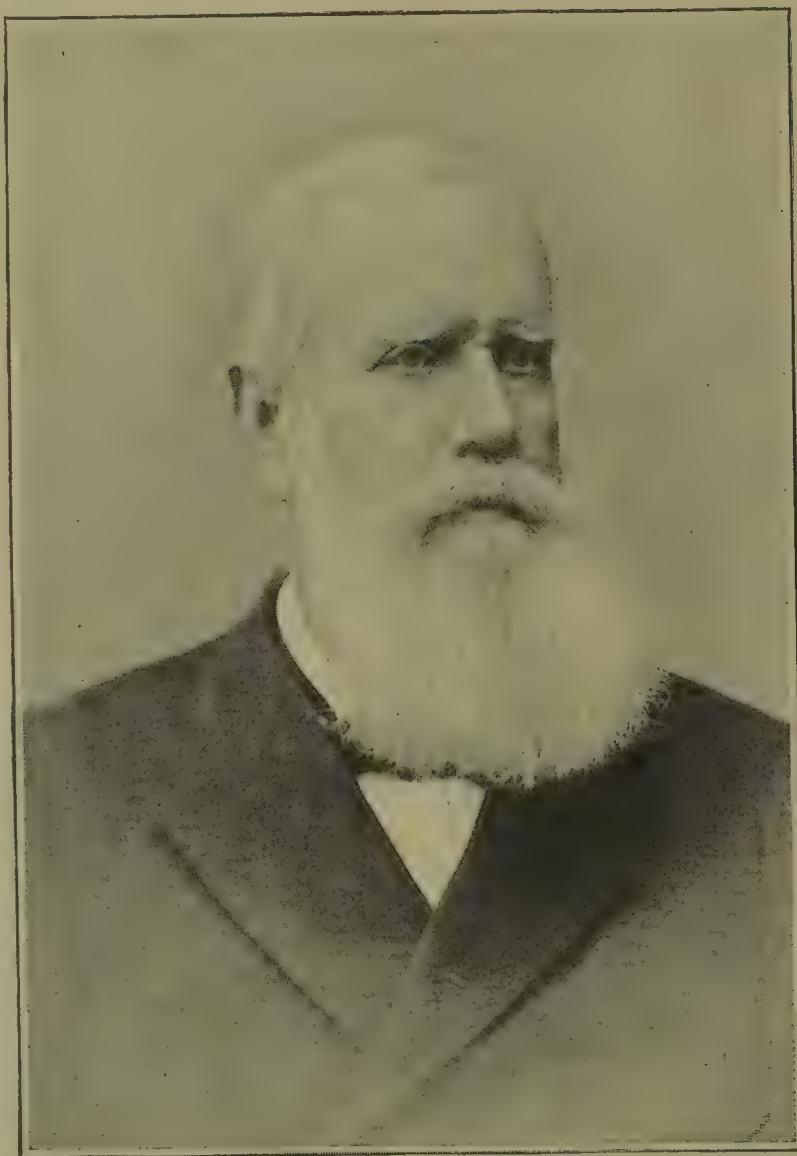
languages in trying to get the information. Once he has got it, he will simply stop and stand in front of you and stare, especially if you are, as I was, trying to draw the town. But when I questioned him about himself and his own affairs and prospects, he had absolutely nothing to tell me. I started to make this drawing of the synagogue, but such a big crowd came and stood around to stare that I could not see anything over their heads. I tried to work from a little elevated place, but they crowded all the more; they did not seem interested in my sketch, but apparently just liked to look at me, and enjoyed loitering there, doing nothing else by the hour, so that in the end all I could do was to draw them instead of the synagogue. They were perfectly good-natured about it, and seemed willing that I should make all the drawings of them I wanted.

But, for all their amiability, I was always unpleasantly conscious that here were people who, despite their poverty, never work with their hands; whose town, except for its solitary Russian church, its sham classic castle, and the old plaques and brass lamps in the synagogue, contains nothing of beauty and is but a hideous nightmare of dirt, disease, and poverty; and that all this misery and ugliness is in a large measure the outcome of their own habits and way of life, and not, as is usually supposed, forced upon them by Christian persecutors.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

The death, at Paris, on Dec. 4, of Dom Pedro de Alcantara, the Emperor of Brazil, deposed in November 1889, has quickly followed the overthrow of Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, whose action then suddenly put an end to the Brazilian monarchical



THE LATE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

constitution. Dom Pedro had reigned since 1841, and a Regency conducted in his name was carried on during fifteen years before. He was son and heir of Pedro I., who abdicated the throne of Portugal in 1826, preferring that of Brazil. The active government of Pedro II., commencing in 1848 or 1849, and continuing over forty years, was personally creditable to him as a just and benevolent ruler. It was made eventful by costly wars between Brazil and the neighbouring Spanish Republics, those of Buenos Ayres, now the Argentine Republic, and of Paraguay, in which Brazil expended fifty millions sterling, besides an immense sacrifice of life. Dom Pedro himself was never fond of war. He was a sincere philanthropist, and his most earnest desire was for the abolition of negro slavery in Brazil. In 1888, after stubborn opposition from the pro-slavery party, this object was completely attained. But the political struggle had excited against the Emperor the bitter animosity of many of the slaveholding planters. They sought their revenge in plots for the dethronement of Dom Pedro, to be effected by corrupting the fidelity of the army and by fomenting a Republican agitation. The revolution of November 1889 was due to these antecedents, certainly not to any acts of tyranny on the part of the late Emperor. He married, in 1843, a daughter of King Francis II. of Naples; his only surviving child, Princess Isabel, is wife of the French Orleans prince the Comte d'Eu, grandson of King Louis Philippe. Dom Pedro was an accomplished student of literature, art, and science, repeatedly visiting Europe, in a quiet, unostentatious way, for the enjoyment of these intellectual tastes. During two years past, having suffered the affliction of his wife's death, he has lived in retirement, chiefly at Cannes. It is noteworthy that he refused to accept a large sum of money offered him by the Brazilian revolutionary Government. On the whole, Dom Pedro's character is deserving of esteem, as that of a good, liberal-minded, upright, and benevolent man, though not a powerful statesman; but the merit of having put an end to negro slavery may be as valuable, to the memory of such a man, as having kept his seat on an Imperial throne.

REAL GHOSTS OR REAL STORIES?

It seems absurd to take a Christmas Ghost Number* seriously. On his title-page Mr. Stead adopts Byron's words—

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years
All nations have believed

such stories and have loved them. And, if merely this were meant, he would be entitled to include in these pages their highly coloured narratives, splashed with blackness and blood; for this also human nature craves. But since the success of the foreign medical schools in the observation of hypnotism, and the inquiries of some Englishmen into psychical research on the line of telepathy, the apparition question has become more serious. It requires now to be treated scientifically—i.e., as a matter of strict investigation; and Mr. Stead, in an ably written and perfectly reasonable "Prefatory Word," demands that this view be taken, and promises only to record facts. His promise refers especially to the "Census of Hallucinations" which occupies most part of his hundred pages, and which he describes as a mere "enumeration of the hallucinations of those who have something to tell." The persons, however, who tell their stories are real persons, who can, if need arise, be subpoenaed. They are ready to repeat their statements on oath.

Unfortunately, the result is a hundred miles away from what is here held out. As we turn over the pages, the best stories are hopeless hearsay. Goethe's grandfather drew the golden ball, but he cannot be subpoenaed; Lord Brougham fainted in a warm bath, and thought he saw his dead schoolfellow beside him, but it was in the year 1799; a party of Academy students surrounded a *revenant*, but Mr. Stead's informant had it from the sister of the student who happened to tell his mother, "who is dead, so that all chance of verifying the story is impossible." The body of a drowned Girvan lad was cast ashore eighty years ago, but with the right hand missing; a week later the mark of the missing hand was impressed, in livid blue, on his sister's shoulder—and all this, Mr. McDowell tells Mr. Stead, "I believe to be literally true, on the ground of my grandmother's word. Through a clairvoyant I sent for the spirit of my grandmother, and read to her a first draft of this sketch, which she corrected." A considerable proportion of the stories are first-hand, but about one half of the whole is taken over bodily from books like the "Psychical Research Society's Proceedings," and in this case the Christmas editor has not met the parties; while too many come from remoter literary sources, like Owen's "Footfalls" and Lee's "Glimpses," and have been excluded by that society from its more careful collection. But from our present collection nothing seems excluded, and, what is worse, nothing included is either discriminated or classified in respect of its evidence. Yet a census is usually a thing with more than one column, and surely separate heads might have been found for the story on page 63, which is "capable of being proved up to the hilt," and that on the opposite page, which it is "impossible to verify." Of course, the former class is the only one worth looking into at the present stage of the question; and I am here permitted to deal with the matter, as having repeatedly pointed out that, however limited it may be, such a class really exists. There are stories, e.g., which a letter or contemporary document will absolutely prove. The Psychical Research Society has apparently failed, after years of work, to produce such a paper. Has Mr. Stead succeeded? Unfortunately, his enthusiastic Spiritualist, who in 1890 saw the apparition of a friend twelve hours after his decease, allowed the note she made at the time to be "burned in a fire which took place some time subsequently." Equally unfortunately, Dr. F. R. Lees, the well-known temperance controversialist, after receiving this note from his absent wife: "Tell me what you were doing within a few minutes of eleven o'clock on Friday evening? I will tell you in my next why I ask; for something happened to me"—either omitted to write or omitted to preserve his letter when written, so as to prove to us thirty years later that his wife's vision (duly communicated in her following letter) was correct. But these instances may be inconclusive, and there are only two stories here in which papers appear, either of which might earn "a thousand guineas in the market, and a guarded glass-case in the British Museum." A colonel now on the Bengal Staff saw, in 1860, an elderly lady go straight up to his comrade's bed near Allahabad and wring her hands and weep bitterly. It was the comrade's mother, who was that same day really in England, but had a vision of her dying son, and made a memorandum of what she saw, which was shown three months after to his friend. *Where is it now?* Lastly, a lady whose face and pen are equally incisive writes an admirable narrative of how her lover, then in Naples, appeared to her in London on the night of Nov. 27, 1888—appeared for a minute, and then vanished, "horrible to relate, in such a way, that the flesh seemed to fade out of the clothes." She adds, "I was so struck with the apparition that I made a note of the date at the time, so as to tell him of it when next I wrote. My letter reached Sarno the day, or day after, he died"—i.e., according to the Sarno Consul, on Nov. 28 or 29. But *where is the letter?*

The answer, according to all recent experience, is "Nowhere." The stories that can be proved are never proved; those in which nothing can be verified but the good faith of the narrators are poured into every Christmas rag-bag. Mr. Stead's own writing is throughout eloquent and ingenious, and his protest for free investigation needs nothing—except to be followed out in practice. For faith has flourished in the past even within the enclosing *vincula rerum*—the stern grey walls of time. And an occasional debauch of credulity tends rather to weaken its moral fibre.

A. TAYLOR INNES.

* Real Ghost Stories: A Record of Authentic Apparitions. Collected and edited by W. T. Stead. (Review of Reviews, London.)

JOHN LEECH.

Mr. Frith, in speaking of the value conferred upon certain publications by the illustrations which they contain, pronounces the truest verdict upon his own work. It is pleasant, however, to find one who from his age and standing ranks almost as the *doyen* of the Royal Academy bearing witness to the merits of the man whose talents that body was unable or unwilling to recognise officially. For all the practical purposes, however, of a biography, Mr. Frith's volumes* are but a slight addition to our knowledge, and it is exceedingly difficult to follow the events of John Leech's life under Mr. Frith's guidance. We jump in a single chapter from the Thirties to the Fifties, and back again to the Forties. We learn little or nothing of how Leech's first connection with *Punch* was established, except by a casual reference to Mr. Percival Leigh; and the years of waiting are dismissed in a few disjointed paragraphs scattered haphazard through the volumes. Of his private life, his marriage, his various homes in London, we learn little or nothing, except the repetition of the vague rumour that he received £40,000 in the course of his connection with *Punch*, lasting over twenty years, and that he was at most times in straits for money.

We must, however, do Mr. Frith the justice to say that he gives us some charming glimpses of Leech's school-days, thanks to the letters to his parents which have been preserved, and he has also collected some pleasant reminiscences, partly his own, and partly those of brother artists and literary friends. The impression left by these is that John Leech was one of the most lovable of men, a trifle sensitive from the first, and from this cause his satire was so delicate, his humour so kindly. In later life, when work began to tell upon him, this sensitiveness increased to a morbid extent, and finally wore out a frame which, though imposing, was not robust.

John Leech was a true Cockney, born in 1817, on Ludgate Hill, at the London Coffee-House, of which his father was the proprietor, but in its declining days, in spite of the steady support it received from the "Old Bailey"; for it was to this hostel that jurors empanelled



"I'll thin your top!"

had a hard time, but, if we understand Mr. Frith aright, he obtained work, of a sort, from the very first, although it was not till six years later that he attracted public notice and joined the staff of *Punch*. The generally received tradition that Leech attracted the attention of Mr. Barham, who employed him to illustrate the "Ingoldsby Legends," which began to appear in *Bentley's Magazine* in 1827, receives no support from Mr. Frith, who dates the connection as late as 1863, and in support of his view cites a letter dated in that year which seems to bear out his statement. As the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" died in 1845, this date would altogether dispose of the story that he was the means of making known the talents of the young artist. The point is of sufficient interest to make us regret Mr. Frith's indiscriminate manner of treating the incidents of his friend's life, and the value of these volumes would have been enhanced by the insertion of such details, and the omission of wholesale cuttings from the various works which Leech illustrated. Among these were the often smart, but more frequently vulgar, productions of Albert Smith, between whom and Leech there could have been no real sympathy; and one feels that the specimens of the latter's work at this time were the least worthy of reproduction. It was not until he came to deal with Percival Leigh's "Comic Grammar," Gilbert à-Beckett's "Comic Histories," and, at a later date, with Surtees's sporting novels, that the "fun" of Leech's art was

fully developed and his inventiveness displayed. It was, however, his work for *Punch* which called forth the best qualities of his art, and, whether dealing with the fashions of the day, the current topics of society, or with the more serious questions of politics, his work was always in harmony and on a level with his subject. In this it must have reflected in a great measure his character, for we find that during his life he drew towards him men of all shades of character and feeling—Mulready, Millais, and Tom Hood, and, above all, Thackeray (by whose side he rests), and at the same time men like Dean Hole and Dr. John Brown. The tie between them was the tender truthfulness of John Leech's art. Its merits rose with his opportunities, and it is as the gentle satirist of middle-class foibles and aristocratic weaknesses of this century that he will be known to posterity. In the little book of sketches, "The Children of the Mobility," to which Mr. Frith renders but scant justice, Leech struck a deeper vein of sentiment and pathos; but even when skirting the border-line of want and vice he displayed delicacy of thought as well as geniality of heart. Above all, he was direct in all his work—differing in that from the whole race of caricaturists, British and foreign. His figures are always strongly drawn, his girls graceful, and his children delightful. He must have produced thousands of sketches during his time, but no artist repeated himself less, no humorist harped so little on the same string. His "Rising Generation," "Paterfamilias," "Mr. Briggs," "Lord Tom Noddy," "Servantgism," and other series of sketches with which he enlivened the pages of *Punch* during his twenty-three years' connection with that paper, bear few, if any, marks of repetition; and though his style is, of necessity, uniform, the thought which inspires his work is constantly fresh and original. Above and before all things, John Leech was an Englishman; his ideals in art, as in life, were the Englishman kind, manly, and considerate of others, and the Englishwoman pretty, lady-like, and self-respecting. It was to this thorough Englishman that the comic papers of France and Germany bore touching homage on the announcement of Leech's death, while in his own country it was regarded as a national loss, which time has not repaired.

"Posterity," as Mr. Frith truly says, "will be able through Leech to study us in our habits as we lived, in our pleasures and our pains, in our follies and eccentricities, in our sports and amusements—in short, in every condition of life, high and low."



JUVENILE: "I say, Charley, that's a jeeuced fine gurl talking to young Fipps! I should like to catch her under the mistletoe."

in criminal cases were conveyed and "locked up" when the trial lasted over more than one day. By the kindness of a friend, John Leech obtained a nomination to the Charterhouse, which he entered at the age of seven, and there might have made the acquaintance of Thackeray, although the latter was four years his senior. There is, however, no tradition that the two boys ever came together until many years afterwards, and began that close companionship which lasted longer than life. From Johnny Leech's own letters to his parents, one would imagine that his school life was most miserable, but this is not borne out by his contemporaries, Mr. Nethercote, Mr. Maitland, and others. He does not seem to have distinguished himself much at school in classics or mathematics, and probably he did not cramp his style and genius by paying much attention to the lessons of Mr. Burgess, the drawing-master. After nine years' stay at Charterhouse, it was decided that he should enter the medical profession, and John Leech was duly entered as a student at St. Bartholomew's, where, under Mr. Stanley, the surgeon, he had the first opportunity of displaying his skill—not as a dresser, but as a draughtsman. His anatomical drawings were executed with so much care that his "chief" held his young assistant in high esteem, and had not the elder Leech's affairs become much embarrassed at this period it is possible that his son's career might have been different. The idea of sending him to Edinburgh had to be abandoned, and young Leech was placed with an extraordinary medical practitioner—Mr. Whittle—where he made the acquaintance of Albert Smith. At "Bart's," too, he had been thrown together with Percival Leigh—a future member of the *Punch* staff—and Gilbert à-Beckett, and thus the foundations of a new "Bohemia" were laid in the classic neighbourhood of Smithfield. According to Mr. Frith, Leech's first effort to earn something for himself was a small quarto volume, "Etchings and Sketchings," by A. Pen, Esq., price 2s. plain, 3s. coloured. This was offered to the public in 1835, and comprised studies of London street life, with a few political caricatures. For some years Leech



"If you will trust yourselves to me, I will ride and drive you back."

* John Leech: His Life and Work. By W. P. Frith, R.A. (Bentley and Son.)



AN OLD-WORLD LOVE TALE.
DRAWN BY AMY SAWYER.

LITERATURE.

A MISSION TO ABYSSINIA.

The singular and sequestered East African kingdom, semi-barbaric in its customs, yet cherishing quaint ecclesiastical traditions of a Semitic type of religion, which obtained fresh notice twenty-three years ago from the successful British military expedition to overthrow King Theodore, and from the dramatic incidents of the insane tyrant's downfall and death, is now seldom mentioned in contemporary news. Italian political enterprise on the shores of the Red Sea, during the past five years, has been attended with much loss and trouble from Abyssinian hostility; but the most formidable opponent was the late King John, known to General Sir Robert Napier in 1868 as Prince Kassai of Tigré, then acting as a native ally of our expedition on its march to Magdala. In October 1887, with the most friendly intention towards Italy, Lord Salisbury's Government sent an able diplomatic agent, Mr. Gerald Portal, C.B., following up the negotiations begun several years previously by Admiral Sir William Hewett, to persuade the Abyssinian monarch to agree to equitable terms of peace. Mr. Portal did his best, and there was a suspension of the desultory and inconclusive warfare; but as the Italian military position was soon effectively reinforced, while the Abyssinian forces were diverted by an invasion of Mahdi Dervish fanatics from the Soudan, King John himself being killed in battle, the result has been more favourable to Italian pretensions than could have been expected. This turn of affairs has deprived the object of Mr. Portal's mission of all political importance. Nevertheless, we may read with some interest the personal narrative of that gentleman, who is now British Consul-General at Zanzibar, and whose book (published by Mr. E. Arnold, Bedford Street) gives a vivid description of the parts of Northern Abyssinia visited by him, as far as Lake Ashangi; also of the ceremonies and manners of the King's court, then moving from place to place. Many of these details, indeed, resemble those already familiar to those who recollect the publications on the subject of Abyssinia at the time of the expedition to Magdala, or the earlier works of Mr. Mansfield Parkyn and other travellers. It does not seem, on the whole, an inviting, amiable, or hospitable country; and we have no reason to wish that it had fallen under a British, instead of an Italian, protectorate in these latter days.

A "KLEPHT" OF MODERN GREECE.

The Greek War of Independence, which cost the life of Lord Byron, excited, between sixty and seventy years ago, much the same kind of English sympathy that was bestowed on Garibaldi and the Italian patriots in 1860; nor was the cause of Hellenic emancipation from the Turkish yoke less worthy of support. Few similar passages of history, in any age or country, display more signal deeds of heroism, mingled with a certain ferocity natural to desperate men leading a wild life and stripped of all the benefits of civilisation. The bands of warriors in the mountain regions of the Morea and Ætolia, like some Highland clans of Scotland at the era of the Jacobite rebellions, subsisted mainly by plunder, and were called "klephts," or robbers. They held it just and right to despoil their Mussulman neighbours; in excuse for which practice they might plead the historical fact that their ancestors, when Venice possessed the seaports and maritime fortresses of the Levant, were regularly encouraged and paid to do the same by that Christian State. Every reader of the narratives of the Greek Revolution by Finlay, Trelavny, and Church will remember the name of Kolokotronis, a native of Messenia, born in 1770, whose exploits in ten years' desultory warfare, and the exercise of his political influence, contributed greatly to the overthrow of the Ottoman rule. After the establishment of the Greek Kingdom, under Otho of Bavaria, with the sanction of the European Powers, Kolokotronis became a peaceful citizen, and died quietly at Athens in 1843. His autobiography, in a simple, straightforward, unaffected style, was dictated to his friend Tertzetis, librarian of the Greek Parliament, and was published after his death. It has now been translated into English by Mrs. Edmonds, author of other editions or collections of Modern Greek literature, who furnishes a serviceable introduction. The volume, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, has strong interest both of personal character and of stirring adventure, with an air of reality which to some readers may seem even more fascinating than that of romance.

ANCIENT EGYPT AND ASSYRIA.

Popular notions of the great nations and empires of remote antiquity depend for their vivacity much more on the preservation of literary remains, which we can study either in the original language or in translations, than on the monuments of architecture and sculpture, or on mere records of kings and their conquests, inscribed on stone or brick. Many visitors to the British Museum come away from its Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian collections with a barren recognition of mighty despotic dynasties in a vast chronological series, but with no sympathetic interest in the common life of past generations of mankind dwelling on the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Tigris, "carent quia vate sacro," because no Homer has illumined their history, or their legends, with his imaginative genius. It is one of the most agreeable and profitable tasks of scientific archaeology, in these days, to reconstruct, by minute scrutiny of thousands of petty details, of subordinate or accessory features in extant works of ancient art, the pictures of ordinary habits, costumes, households, trades and handicrafts, the manners, the whole domestic and social experience of a people hitherto known to us only as the instrument of some warlike aggression, narrated in the Bible or in the writings of Herodotus, and as marvellous builders in their time. Professor G. Maspéro, who has done so much in exploring and interpreting the relics of Egypt under the Pharaohs, gives to the general reader, in a small volume, "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria," which is now turned into English, and published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, precisely the kind and amount of knowledge required to make us feel at home with those nations, in spite of the want of literary witness, and therefore not as we may feel at home with the Jews or the Greeks. The author of this useful and entertaining little book is not only a man of profound and accurate research, but has the talent of combining a variety of particular incidents, descriptive and narrative, so as to exhibit a continued story, told in the present tense, as if by an observer actually residing in the city of Thebes in the reign of Rameses II., and accompanying the military expedition to Syria against the "Khita," or Hittites; or, in the second part, living at the royal city of Dur-Sarginu, near Nineveh, the abode of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal, whose wars are intelligibly related in this work. We are made acquainted with the home life of the people of different classes in those countries, with their employments, comforts, and amusements, the functions of government, officers, lawyers, priests, and teachers, and the regulation of family and private affairs. The volume contains an immense number of illustrations, copied from ancient paintings, carvings, or drawings.

A NEW BOOK ON EGYPT.

This book* contains in substance the lectures delivered last year on ancient Egyptian subjects by Miss A. B. Edwards in America. The authoress, who is well known as a popular writer on Egyptology, gives us in this work a brilliant series of essays with very little connecting thread to link them together, each chapter by itself forming a complete whole. The excavations described are chiefly those undertaken by the Egypt Exploration Fund, of which society Miss A. B. Edwards has been for many years the indefatigable honorary secretary. The "explorers" direct the excavations, the "fellahs" are the labourers, and together they discover the "Pharaohs," their palaces, their cities, and even the homely details of their kitchens and sculleries.

The chapter on portrait-painting in ancient Egypt is very interesting, showing the influence of this ancient school of art on the early Greek artists. The modern character of the heads is most remarkable; they are studies from life, giving us a wonderful glimpse into the character of these men and women of the old world. In a future edition this chapter would be much improved by arranging the illustrations on the same pages with the text which describes them. The Egyptian "ka," or "double," forms the subject of the next chapter. This imaginary being, with his "voracious appetite" and immaterial substance, his many needs and his limited power of enjoyment, evidently possesses a great fascination for our authoress, who raises him from the rank of little more than a ghost to that of the life itself which animates the whole being. The sixth chapter, on the literature of ancient Egypt, recapitulates the work of M. Maspéro in this branch of Egyptian lore, while the seventh treats of the hieroglyphic writing and language in perhaps the most lucid manner possible for such a difficult subject. Indeed, we know of no account so attractive and useful for those who are anxious to get clear ideas as to the origin and history of picture writing. The introduction in this connection of the illustration from Sir J. Lubbock's "History of Civilisation," depicting a petition of certain Indian chiefs, is particularly happy. The book ends with an account of the great Queen Hatshepsut, whose throne-chair is described at length. The authenticity of this chair has been doubted by many Egyptologists; Miss Edwards might have made her case somewhat stronger had she given an exact copy of the chair



MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

still to be seen in bas-relief on the walls of Hatshepsut's temple at Deir-el-Bahree, which differs in several particulars from Mariette's drawing in his great work on Deir-el-Bahree.

The greater number of the illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Petrie, and it is, perhaps, a pity that the achievements of this successful excavator are allowed so entirely to eclipse the work done by other explorers in the same field. The book is furnished with an excellent index, and forms a most attractive addition to popular works on Egyptology.

* *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers.* By Amelia B. Edwards. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "The Gate Beautiful," by Hugh Macmillan. (Macmillan.)
- "The Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer." Written and edited by A. H. Palmer. (Seeley and Co.)
- "The New Calendar of Great Men," by Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan.)
- "Forty-five Years of Sport," by J. H. Corballis. (Bentley.)
- "Children I Have Known," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)
- "Peter Ibbetson." Edited and illustrated by George du Maurier. Two vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)
- "Handbook of Athletic Sports: Football, &c." *Bohn's Library.* (G. Bell and Son.)
- "Earl Canning," by Sir H. S. Cunningham. *Rulers of India Series.* (Clarendon Press.)
- "Twelve New Songs," by some of the Best and Best-known British Composers. Edited by Harold Boulton. Frontispiece by Frank Dicksee. (Leadenhall Press.)
- "His Angel," by Henry Herman. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)
- "Defoe's Robinson Crusoe." With one hundred and twenty original illustrations by Walter Paget. (Cassell.)
- "His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and Avondale in Southern India," by J. D. Rees. With a Narrative of Elephant-Catching in Mysore, by G. P. Sanderson. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
- "The Rivulet Birthday Book." Compiled chiefly from "The Rivulet" and "Theophilus Trivial" of Thomas T. Lynch, by Morell Theobald. (James Clarke and Co.)
- "The Gentlewoman's Book of Hygiene," by Kate Mitchell. (Henry and Co.)
- "Pope's Poetical Works." Edited by John Dennis. New Aldine Edition. Three vols. (George Bell and Sons.)
- "A Book of Modern Ballads." Illustrated by Alice Havers. (Hildesheimer and Faulkner.)
- "A Wasted Life and Marry'd," by Lady Gertrude Stock. Three vols. (Hurst and Blackett.)

"DARKNESS AND DAWN."

Dr. Farrar occupies a unique position among us as a man of letters. He is one of the most popular preachers in the Church of England, a scholar of eminence, whose varied learning none can dispute, an author whose works are far more widely read than those of any other living clergyman, and now almost the only remaining Church dignitary who is regarded as a great literary teacher by the reading public in the middle and upper classes. He writes not for the little world of scholars, but for the million, and from the million he has earned acceptance, admiration, applause, and substantial rewards. This new book*, he tells us, was written years ago, though only now published for the first time. Dr. Farrar himself appears to look upon it as only one of a series on which he has been engaged for more than half a lifetime. It is, he assures us, "the illustration of a supreme and deeply interesting problem, the causes, namely, why a religion so humble in its origin and so feeble in its earthly resources as Christianity won so majestic a victory over the power, the glory, and the intellect of the civilised world."

The work is a novel, whatever its author may say—an historic novel, in which the element of fact largely preponderates over the element of fiction: the latter is tame and comparatively commonplace, the former is almost too painfully harrowing and absorbing. The scene lies mostly at Rome; the time embraced is the reign of Nero; the hero—so far as the story has a hero—is Onesimus, the runaway slave whom St. Paul sent back to his master Philemon with that pathetic letter which was one of the last that the Apostle wrote from his prison at Rome. No twenty years in the world's history are so crowded with incidents at once horrible and heroic, cruel, wicked, and momentous, as those twenty years which ended with the suicide of the Emperor on June 9, A.D. 68. The story of that dreadful time has been written again and again; it will never cease to exercise a hideous fascination upon the minds of men. It has never been written with more careful elaboration than by Dr. Farrar: to grant this is to give the author no more than his due. In our judgment, he has done wisely in helping his readers to picture to themselves the scenes of that frightful drama by throwing it into the form of a fictitious narrative. A mere historic picture of Rome, and all which that one word Rome stands for, in the days of Nero, with its long catalogue of unimaginable atrocities, would be revolting to most of us. Historians have always found it necessary to omit almost as much as they narrate, shuddering at the things they could tell of but have not ventured to dwell on. Dr. Farrar's story may be abridged in a few sentences. Onesimus had been a little slave in the purple-factory of Lydia when St. Paul came to Thyatira, and then first heard of the Christian faith. He was a volatile and troublesome boy—so troublesome that he was put up for sale, and Philemon, "a gentleman of Colossæ," bought him. Philemon became a devout Christian, and young Onesimus received instruction as a catechumen; but there was no dependence to be placed in him. One day he decamped with some of his master's money, went from bad to worse, and found himself at last in a starving condition in the streets of Rome. Here he finds a new master, Nereus, the freedman of Pudens—Christians both of them. Onesimus again fell into evil courses, and was robbing the cashbox when his master's daughter, Junia, caught him in the act. He gets sent to a slave-prison, which affords Dr. Farrar an opportunity of describing very graphically the terrors of those infernal dens; he escapes from his jailers and once more takes to his wanderings, joins a band of vagabond Galli, gets into great troubles, and at last is sent to the gladiators' school and trained to take his part as a *retiarus*. When the day comes for the show—which, of course, is described with painful and only too faithful minuteness—Onesimus, apparently dead, is dragged out from among the reeking corpses, recovers, goes into hiding, returns to Rome to witness a wholesale massacre of slaves, is admitted to the presence of St. Paul, who brings him to a better mind, remains in the city during the great fire, the execution of St. Peter, the miraculous deliverance of St. John, and succeeds in rescuing Nereus from the horrible fate of being made a "living torch" when the Christians were burnt alive in the night—"butchered to make a Roman holiday." He is at St. Paul's side during his second imprisonment, and ends by marrying Junia; at last, we are told, "some say that he suffered martyrdom at Ephesus, after a long life and many happy years." Of course, such a hero as this, who had passed through such wonderful vicissitudes, is brought into relations with a multitude of famous and infamous personages, whose names are, to the scholar and historian, household words. For a time he is a slave in the palace, and an instrument of Acte for saving Britannicus from the attempt upon his life. Vespasian and Titus, Caracalla, the old British king, Linus and Clemens, the future Bishops of Rome, and a host of others scarcely less illustrious in the roll of fame, are brought before us as personages who, in some way or other, are concerned with his career. The scenes are shifted with a lavish display of pictorial illustration—the whole literature of the time has been ransacked to afford us an almost microscopic presentment of the vices, the diversions, the luxury, and the crimes of that incomparably wicked time. If the attempt to give us a notion of what Christian life and worship was must be pronounced feeble and disappointing, it is not because that attempt has not been made, but because Dr. Farrar had not enough to draw from, and he is an artist who always must have his model, his lay figures, and his "properties" ready at hand. Of that subtle insight into the heart of things which is inseparable from the gift of creative genius Dr. Farrar has very little or none. Yet this book is no mere jejune compilation, like Becker's "Gallus," where the notes are everything and the story nothing. The characters are drawn with considerable power, as for instance, those of Seneca, Pomponia, and Tigellinus. The grouping is often very skilful, as where we find at one of Nero's insensate banquets "no less than eight future emperors . . . and six of these destined to violent deaths." It is not inconceivable—it is by no means improbable—that all may have sat down at the same table more than once before the ghastly atrocities of the reign had begun.

On the other hand, the dialogue throughout is often pointless. The narrative is far too diffuse, the style is exceedingly unequal, and not infrequently at once turgid and slovenly. As a work of fiction, the book may be no great success; but as a faithful presentment of the reign of Nero, it lacks only an index to make it a most useful manual for a student not too proud to learn of a teacher with a method the reverse of severe and a pen that is apt to move too fast and to flourish too luxuriantly. For the rest, if, as is so often affirmed, Dr. Farrar is, above all things, a rhetorician; in these volumes his rhetoric is less apparent than in some of his previous works, where it was less legitimate than in "Darkness and Dawn." They who are fond of bringing this charge against him, not without a note of disdain, forget that rhetoric, after all, is not too much cultivated among us, and that it is better to be a rhetorician and interesting than a mere logician, arid and dull.

AUGUSTUS JESSOP.

* *Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero.* An Historic Tale. By F. W. Farrar. Two vols., 8vo. (London: Longmans and Co. 1891.)



SUNDAY IN SEVILLE.

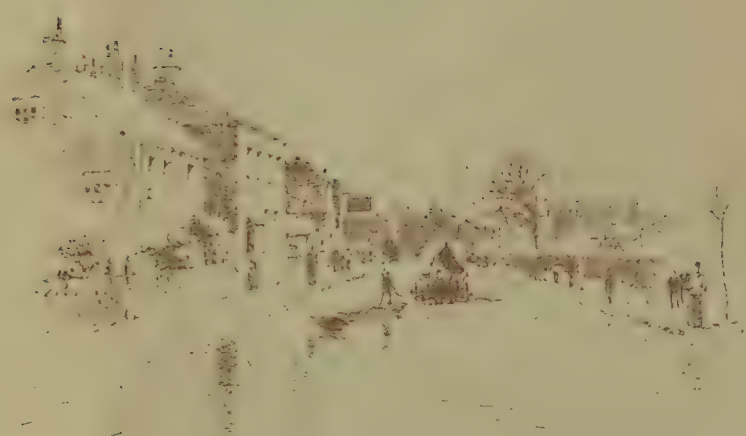


A ROSE OF DEVON.



THE FLOODS IN
THE THAMES VALLEY.

ROYAL WINDSOR, FROM THE FLOODED THAMES



THE ROAD BETWEEN COOKHAM AND MAIDENHEAD.



THE SWAN AT ST. GEORGE'S



WHITCHURCH BRIDGE.



IFFLEY MILL.



"THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY."

PICTURE BY PAUL RIETH.

The Old Mortar Board.

by L. F. Austin

I CAME across it in a cupboard yesterday—ragged and moth-eaten, the college cap I wore at school—the old mortar-board, as we used to call it, in affectionate banter. And when I put it on again, after all these years, some queer little episodes came flocking into my mind, as freshly and as vividly as if they had just happened.

When this academic head-piece was new, I had not even reached the age at which budding adolescence claims the title of Stripling. I was the Schoolboy, much harassed by elementary mathematics, and sorely vexed by languages supposed to be dead, but capable of imparting a surprising vigour to the scholastic arm wielding a cane. There was no proposition of Euclid to which I could bring myself to assent, and after some struggling with equations invented by one Todhunter, I announced that I had no taste for algebra. I almost feel a tingling sensation in my palms as I recall the amazed expression of the celestial powers before the thunder broke. A form invested with ecclesiastical dignity slowly rose, and in a voice coming, as it seemed, from a great height delivered this judgment—

"Whether it is overweening presumption or incorrigible stupidity which is the dominant note of your character, I have not yet decided."

This was the prelude. Here is the melody:

"But I will teach you (*whack*) that to have no taste (*whack*) for algebra (*whack*) is a serious blunder (*whack*)."

I don't think this punishment for inability to appreciate Todhunter made anything like the impression which I received from the castigation of another boy. He was my ideal of languid grace. He wore his clothes with an ease which was in itself a prophecy of future eminence. He was always calm in a playground full of hot faces and ruffled hair. It was a mystery to me that he never knew his lessons, and I think the Ecclesiastical Presence was disturbed by the same enigma. But one day, in the Caesar class, the spectacle of an indolent youth blandly construing "*Sed, but*," and no more, brought down the storm, and forked canes from the affronted clouds flashed and swished round the shoulders which never moved, except in a scarcely perceptible shrug. I remember how this disdainful fortitude made me conscious for the first time of the great Cause which is always in conflict with the brute force of authority. Alas! I was soon to learn that the most intrepid tribune of revolt may have his private ends.

I was a choir-boy, and sang sweetly every Sunday in the village church. This occupation had no special interest for me till the evening when a beam from a benevolent sunset slanting through a friendly window disclosed a treasure in a family pew. It shone upon papa, bald and blameless, on mamma, large, rotund, and good-humoured; on a daughter who was a small copy of the mother. And then it touched the hair and eyes of a younger maiden, and, as I watched the glowing image, her face seemed radiant with mischief and bewitching mockery and tender possibilities which set something thumping in my chest.

After that discovery I sang with extraordinary zest. I hungered for chants and anthems with the highest notes, that my voice might soar above the rest and woo her listening ear. One evening I was rewarded with a smile which could not be mis-



It shone upon papa, bald and blameless; on mamma, large, rotund, and good-humoured; on a daughter who was a small copy of the mother. And then it touched the hair and the eyes of a younger maiden.

taken; but the tumult of joy was checked by my languid schoolmate, who muttered at my elbow when he ought to have been deep in devotion—

"Don't bawl so, Morrison! You'll break your voice before it's time."

The horrible suggestion took complete possession of

me. I was close to the critical period when the boyish treble is apt to pass into the ghostly land of dubious quavers and unexpected shrieks. Suppose this were to happen in her hearing. And just when I had succeeded in awakening her interest in the choir-boy who sang to her with all his soul!

"I wouldn't take the high note if I were you," whispered my adviser. "Jenkins is looking at you."

Jenkins was the choir-master, who practised law on week-days, and ruled us with the tyranny of an amateur musician on Sundays. I stopped short at the high note in a tremor of misgiving, and Jenkins frowned. When the service was over, I tried to escape, but it was no use.

"Stay a moment, Morrison! I am afraid your voice is breaking. Let me try it with the organ."

We were alone in the church now, and I looked towards that family pew with a feeling of despair. Would she miss me? Would she know I had been banished amongst the boys who sat in the gallery and piped unnoticed to the rafters? Would she have the curiosity to ask—

"I have already played this chant twice, Morrison, while you are wool-gathering," said Jenkins. "Now then, please."

In a moment it was all over. How could Jenkins know that the note I cracked on was a piteous appeal to his compassion for love's young dream!

"You need not sit with the choir next Sunday, Morrison. But cheer up, my boy! In two or three years you may be a glorious tenor."

It may have been kindly meant, or it may have been Old



"I have already played this chant twice, Morrison, while you are wool-gathering," said Jenkins. "Now then, please." In a moment it was all over.

Bailey sarcasm. At any rate, I hated Jenkins, and hoped that juries would laugh at his law.

Stupendous audacity! I had written to her! Three weeks had passed, nothing had happened, and I could endure the suspense no longer. The choir sang quite well without me; and I noticed that Chalmers—the indolent Chalmers—exerted himself with surprising energy, and that his voice had a strength and clearness I had never suspected. Could he be singing to her? The idea was maddening; so I wrote my letter—

"They have turned me out of the choir because my voice is breaking. But it isn't. It's all that beast Jenkins. I'm up in the gallery now, where I can't see you. But I know what colour your eyes are. They're violets. I've made some poetry about them—

*Violets bloom beside the stream,
Modest little flowers they seem,
But their hue outshines the skies
When they bloom in Edith's eyes!*"

I carried this epistle about in my pocket for days before I had the courage to send it. Then I bethought me of an ally—a school-fellow of Edith's, with whom I had danced a good deal at that extraordinary party of the MacStrachans, who gave us bread and cheese for supper. Yes, Cissy Wilson would give Edith my precious letter.

Two days afterwards Chalmers remarked, in his most careless way—

"You shouldn't write letters to girls, Morrison; it isn't your line."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded hotly.

"Oh, Cissy Wilson told me she tore up your letter, and Edith Walters tore up the one you sent her without reading it. And Cissy says she will never speak to you again, and Edith says that if you dare to write any more she will tell her papa!"

This feminine outbreak was bewildering and humiliating. What on earth had I done to Cissy that she should snub me like this—and after the fun we had together at the MacStrachans? And why, oh why, should Edith treat my letter with contempt and not even condescend to read it?

Just then the school-bell rang, and, half choked by this algebra of the female mind, I went into the Caesar class. When it came to Chalmers's turn to construe, he began with the utmost composure—

"Sed, but"

There was the usual break, and the Ecclesiastical Presence vociferated—

"But what, Sir? Do you suppose the Gauls can wait while you are fumbling among conjunctions? Must Caesar sit twirling his thumbs till you decide what his foci are about?" Then the Presence laughed in the enjoyment of its own irony.

"Sed, but," I prompted, "*Galli*, the Gauls; *impetu facto*, a charge being made; *profiggaverunt*—"

"*Profiggaverunt*," repeated Chalmers, with an air of calm inspiration.

"Showed a clean pair of heels."

"A pair of heels!" roared the Presence, when Chalmers had repeated this as if it were the only authorised translation. "You have the impertinence, Sir, to turn Caesar into your low slang! And one pair of heels for the whole army of the Gauls!"

A pair of hands had to suffer for this inadequate distribution of heels, and I watched the operation without any of the resentment with which the castigation of Chalmers had first inspired me.

She was sitting at the foot of a sandhill, and I was perched at the top. For a time I was extremely dignified, for when I first discovered her she was talking to Chalmers, who had passed me with a malicious smile, and was now disappearing with exasperating slowness. I gazed out over the sea, and tried to forget that I had adorned the summit of that sandhill every evening for a fortnight. There was something in the horizon which stimulated one's self-respect—it was so large and indifferent. The sea, too, rolled on the beach with a tranquil monotony quite foreign to that absurd flutter which made me catch my breath when I noticed that she had not turned the leaves of her book once in a quarter of an hour.

Then she looked at me with such a delightful expression of impatience and half-amused vexation that horizon, sea, dignity, were all forgotten, and I reached the bottom of the hill in a burst.

"I—I beg your pardon," I stammered. "Are you—are you very angry because I wrote to you?"

"Very," she replied, shaking her head gravely.

"I heard you tore it up without reading it," I said reproachfully. "And—there was some—some poetry I wanted—I wanted you to"—

"So I did—"

*But their hue outshines the skies
When they bloom in—*

What a romantic boy you must be! It isn't a bit true."

"Why, you read it after all!"

"Every word. I picked up all the pieces."

Here was an equation which beat Todhunter hollow. Let x equal the female mind, and y an unknown quantity of make-believe, and it was all a delightful puzzle. Clearly here were the mathematics for me.

"All the same, I am very angry," she continued, with an astonishing air of superior experience. "Boys ought not to sit on sandhills by the hour every day"—



Heated by the ascent, with eyes aflame and bristling whiskers, stood the Ecclesiastical Form. O shameful moment! How it comes back to me with all its degradation!

"You have seen me!" I exclaimed joyfully.

"Of course," she said, looking at me as if I were a tiny speck in the enormous expanse of her vision. "But you shouldn't wave your handkerchief to a lady you do not know."

"But I thought—I thought I saw something waving—something white"—

"Indeed! It must have been the housemaid cleaning the upper windows. Now show me some more verses."

I had forgotten the very existence of Chalmers. All I knew, in a dim sort of way, was that this strangely mature little creature overwhelmed me with the calm authority of the feminine intelligence. With trembling hand I produced a book in

which I wooed the Muses with a piece of pencil and many crasures. It was full of the outeries of the schoolboy soul. There was a satire in which the tyranny of scholastic discipline was not spared. There was an Ode to Liberty, which forecast the time when Toddhunter would be committed to a righteous bonfire by the victorious hosts of emancipated boyhood. There were fragments of a diary which chronicled with many ejaculations the various stages of love, hope, and passionate despair.

All these things passed through my mind like a flash as I gave her the book. Good gracious! Was she laughing at me? No; it was Chalmers on the top of the sandhill, chuckling with suppressed mirth. The next moment he vanished, and in his place, heated by the ascent, with eyes aflame and bristling whisker, stood the Ecclesiastical Form.

O shameful moment! How it comes back to me with all its degradation! I ought to have stood the encounter like a man. I ought to have shown that intrepidity which always wins the heart of woman. But I fled!

I came upon Chalmers in the full frenzy of my disgrace. "Ho! ho!" he shouted, in great glee. "Where are the Gauls now? *Impetu facto*, a charge being made; *profligaverunt*, showed a clean pair of!"

I jumped at him like a tiger-cat. We rolled over kicking, scratching, clawing each other's hair. I tore his collar to ribbons, but he managed to thrust a handful of sand into my mouth, which made me let go my hold. Then the ecclesiastical voice broke on my ear, and I fled again, sputtering and sneezing, and wretchedly certain that Edith was dying with laughter at the spectacle.

"So you have no taste for algebra, but a mighty opinion of your gifts and graces in the eyes of a lady."

It was the inevitable ecclesiastical allocation next day. The whole school listened with breathless interest, except Chalmers, who, slightly discoloured as to one eye, affected a supercilious

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC MIND.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

But for one consideration, I should anticipate that before what I have to say on this occasion can be delivered from the press (for the *Illustrated London News* takes days to print) all the newspapers in the United Kingdom would say the same thing. That they are yearning to do so is certain. How they would—if they could! For we are all moralists now—all profoundly concerned not less for the purification than the enlightenment of the Public Mind: and of all the seven hundred and seventy-seven newspaper editors who march in the van of civilisation, there is not one that does not long to rise in wrath against the demoralising scandals of the last fortnight. But none of the daily journals, with their millions of readers, can have that pleasure, for the short and simple reason that they themselves are the demoralisers. It is their own wrong-doing in one line of life which it is their conscious duty to reprove in another. To strive for the elevation of the public mind, to pounce upon everything that has a tendency to degrade it, is but one part of the newspaper business. Its primary and more profitable function is not to moralise, but to purvey news, and especially to publish such disclosures as are likely to thrill the public mind with sensation. That is what there is the greatest demand for, and therefore that there is the greatest competition to supply. No newspaper chooses to be out of the competition, for none feels that it can afford the honour of abstinence; and so it is that our great public journals have been striving against each other for days to supply the handsomest allowance of what they would be very happy now to denounce as poisonous matter.

That it undoubtedly is, and it is so described whenever it is poured upon the public mind by other hands and from other sources. Does a novelist lift the veil of Modesty, or tear it quite away as some of our own generation have done, the whole seven hundred and seventy-seven of us clap hand to pen on the instant, not in any simulated indignation (so, at least, I believe), but of knightly purpose; and he who scarifies the offender most is proudest. Is some foreign play brought upon the British stage—some Ibsenite play, maybe, inwrought with foul suggestion and gross physiological detail—in what wrath do we fly at it, and with what healthy emulation do we ply the cat-o'-ninetails upon all concerned in the production of the outrage! Yet not many are in danger of reading the novel, perhaps, and few are disposed to witness the play; while what do we do when the reporters come up from the Divorce Court with their notebooks crammed with a real-life story reeking with such particulars as truly are too odious to name? Being in a real-life story, these particulars must be more potent for mischief than those others that are presented as inventions of the novelist and the playwright, or that, at the worst, have not the force of absolute verity. What we do is to make distinctions in favour of publishing these abominations on that very account. But, if we are candid, we shall admit that what determines the publication is a set of considerations which we should feel it our duty to denounce with all the vigour and satire at our command if any other body of men allowed them to over-ride all care for the public good. We look at our reporter's notes as translated from the original shorthand; we see at a glance that they are an immensely saleable commodity; and we also see at a glance that they are such a commodity as we would rather not deal in. But then we say to ourselves, "If we do not print them others will. If we do not sell them we shall not only lose a sale, but our customers may betake themselves elsewhere in future. To omit this 'shocking accusation,' to cut out from the spectacle which we offer to an expectant public that picture of the man or the woman standing up in open court in all the nakedness of obscene avowal—how will it do if they are sure to appear in half-a-dozen rival prints at the same price or even cheaper?" We decide that it will not do; that "it's no use"; and so the matter is settled by an argument which hasn't a leg to stand upon on the ground of morality, honesty, decency—as we should very soon show if the weakness and the baseness were not our own.

In this respect the public Press has undergone a miserable decline during the last twenty years. There was a time, no doubt, when "crim. con." actions were reported with the coarsest zest; but that was in a coarse age, the successor of others coarser still. Upon that a better time followed, when no newspaper in England with the least pretension to character printed such reports as are common now to the best. The newspaper editor of that brief period (I believe it lasted for about thirty years) would as soon have been seen dead drunk in a public assembly as have admitted into his pages the grossness which nowadays is absent from none. The change for the better was forced upon him in a great degree by his customers, no doubt. Such reports as we have seen in the most respectable prints a score of times within the last decade would have ruined any newspaper that dared to publish them in the Sixties of the century. But it is evident that the taste for decency which the public would not allow to be outraged at that time was cultivated as a matter of taste by newspaper editors themselves. It may fairly be supposed that with the rising power of the Press its responsibilities were more closely felt: and as at that time men came into the business of journalism who would have been ashamed of any connection with it a little while before, it may be supposed that their influence tended to make it sweeter and cleaner. The same order of men is still employed in journalism, in its higher walks; but whatever restraint they may possibly have exercised has either been weakened or withdrawn. At any rate, there is a very evident change for the worse; and though it does appear that the public mind is willing enough now to be fed with foulness, it seems to me that the blame for the change lies at bottom with the gentlemen of the Press, in their several varieties. There are the philosophers who have discovered and will discuss "sexual problems"; there are the social reformers who think there can be no clean linen unless the contents of every closet are raked into the streets and publicly washed; and there are the bold spirits who champion Zolaism, seeking the bubble reputation even at the sewer's mouth. All these and more have worked upon the public mind in their various virtuous ways, with the result that it is prepared for competition in Divorce-Court reporting, which is so very interesting though so exceedingly corrupting. Journalists have combined of late for worthy purposes of self-interest: it would be well if they could and would combine to limit the production of a certain kind of "news."

THE FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

A TRIP DOWN THE RIVER.

When I heard, at Oxford, of the late extraordinary freaks of violence perpetrated by Father Thames, I felt a wish to gaze on the scenes of so much watery extravagance, which sadly belied his usual placid demeanour in summer. My friend the artist offered to conduct me to the places where he intended to make sketches for publication; I joined him, and we started together.

From Ilfley, where we left the old mill, beloved by Oxonians, still standing, but in a woeful plight, the combined waters of the river and the weir, upon which it is built, threatening it with demolition, we travelled to Goring. As we stepped out from the dimly lighted station into the mud and outer darkness, I saw gaunt trees shivering above me like ghosts that had caught cold, and then I heard a hoarse roar. That was the murmur of the menacing Thames.

We struggled, through rain and sleet, onwards over the toll-bridge that joins Goring with Streatley. The river had broken loose again that night, and was sweeping everything away in its mad career. So they informed us at the Swan Inn, the well-known hostelry on the right bank by the bridge. This house had had a rude awakening; the "Swan," being ducked as it lay asleep, was now all of a flutter. There was no accommodation for visitors, scarcely enough for the inmates; the water had filled the rooms on the ground-floor, and was mounting to the upper storey. The heavy furniture had been removed out of reach. So we departed, and reached the Bull—a sign of happier omen; there we were safely lodged. Next morning, rising early, we climbed to a point of vantage to survey the surrounding country. The view was of considerable range. It extended across the Thames valley to the opposite hills behind Goring, but the scene had little beauty. The Thames, spreading out of its course here and there, marked the green fields with ugly dark patches. The fields and meadows had lost their bright hue of verdure; the foliage of the woods had disappeared. Groups of lanky trees surmounted the crest-fallen hills. "Look," said the artist rapturously, "at the cobalt-tinted mist!" "It looks like rain," I answered.

We then descended the street towards the bridge. The "Swan" was adjusting its crumpled plumage in a pool of water. The sward in front, where pleasure-seekers and love-makers from boats and launches used to regale one another with small beer, was not to be seen; nor the weirs or the withy islands, so great was the volume of water.

Along the road to Pangbourne the low level land below was a waste of water which appeared to treble the width of the Thames. At Pangbourne Reach it expanded as into a lake. The little village of Pangbourne is known as a resort of anglers. Here, on the very bank of the river, we found that the flood had covered the fields behind the George Hotel, engulfing all those contrivances such as weirs, boat-houses, and wharves which mark the riverside. A few house-boats sitting composedly on the flood, like Noah's Arks, suggested an awful necessity. Punts, with people in them, were plying between this village and the opposite village of Whitechurch, which are kept in close relationship by a bridge not particularly remarkable for beauty.

Whitechurch, situated on a slight ascent, and formed of pretty little timbered, thatched-roofed houses and shady lanes, embowered in tall trees, has a charm of its own, independent of the river. The principal street of the village soon becomes a road, which leads finally to Reading, keeping the river well in view all the way. We reached the village of Sonning, after traversing two or three miles of rough and dirty road. Sonning, an attractive place in summer, embowered in groves of trees, now invited admiration, but no intimate acquaintance, and we turned down a narrow path leading to the river bridge. There a very different scene presented itself. Before us lay Sonning Eye; away to the right were the wooded heights of Henley. To the left the river was rushing angrily round the bend of Holme Park; then, free of the bridge, spreading over the low-lying country towards Henley.

From Sonning we continued our journey. The Bridge Road, by which we drove from Maidenhead to Cookham, was under water. The Thames had evidently a hostile design on Maidenhead. It had already reached Bridge Street, in the outskirts. After much floundering, we struck the riverside road. It was hard to decide where the river itself was. The Thames had quite lost its individuality. A few house-boats alone, which, presumably, had not shifted, indicated its course. The outlook was dreary enough, but there were more signs of civilisation than higher up the river. We approached the comfort of towns.

At Cookham local interest was divided between the man of the ferry and the neighbouring churchyard, upon which the Thames had made a surreptitious attack. At the Ferry Hotel we learned that the flood had submerged all the cornfields. Miss Golding's Island, the boat and tea houses, Saxton's ground, and all the country on the opposite bank, as far as Bourne End; also that the ferry-man had caught cold, and therefore could not punt the people across whom we saw standing on the bank.

There were no lights in the village of Cookham as we drove to the station to catch the train for Windsor. Here, in the royal borough, it was another matter. Windsor not being on the same level as the Thames, the turbulent river-god had to content himself with creeping in by back ways and by-ways, and lodging in sheds and yards, molesting the poorer people in a small way. The upper town and the Castle had nothing to fear from him. From the parapet of the Castle, hard by the Old Horse-Shoe Cloisters, now occupied by married choristers, we saw the Brocas with some house-boats, the Thames flooding Romney and part of Eton. The inundation was more extended on the opposite bank, and had emitted a dense fog, concealing the park and grounds, above which the Castle reared itself in clear space, with an air of secure royalty.

T. E. L.

The Belgian Chamber of Deputies, by a majority of sixty to ten, has passed a Bill for the prohibition of public performances of hypnotism. Only six members abstained from voting.

Mr. W. Howarth, the chairman of the "Robin Society," writing from 390, New Cross Road, London, S.E., makes an appeal to provide 10,000 poor children with a breakfast on Christmas Day. "It is our plan," he says, "to give each of our little guests a pair of warm woollen cuffs when they go into the room. This year we shall want 10,000 pairs. Will your lady readers help us to get the required number? Again, we want wool, as we have already received several promises of large numbers of pairs of cuffs or mufflers if we will provide the wool. We do not mind what may be the colour or quality. Will your young readers help us to get 20,000 Christmas cards? If each sends us but a dozen, we shall be glad, as every little helps. We want funds. Of course, so big an undertaking cannot be carried through without great cost. Any amounts, no matter how small, will be gladly received and acknowledged."



As I put the old mortar-board back in its cupboard, there came a letter from an excellent lady who takes a kindly interest in my affairs.

indifference. The Ecclesiastic had my unfortunate little book in his hand, and held its tender secrets up to scorn.

"What is this? 'From a Broken Voice'—"

Jenkins, you said my voice was but a squeak!
Pray, who are you? What right have you to speak?
'Twas not for you I sang amid the choir.
Judged by a Jenkins, who would touch the lyre?
Go! prate to juries for your wretched fees,
And leave my love to warble as I please.

Ha! I suppose that is satire. But here is some of the warbling love, no doubt—

I sit on the hill and I weep,
And my tears run into the sand.
But tears to the sandhill are cheap
When the waves roll over the strand.
Not one of my tears would you keep
In your heart if it fell on your hand!"

He repeated the last line in a mocking tone, and the school laughed.

"And here, I see, is a diary of your noble reflections: Monday—Was caned to-day because I couldn't cross the Pons Asinorum. This is the twentieth time, I think. Who cares? It's Old Blunderbore's business to keep the bridge, but when I'm a man I'll do something better than old B."

There was an awful pause, and then —!

As I put the old mortar-board back in its cupboard, there came a letter from an excellent lady who takes a kindly interest in my affairs—

Do dine with us to-morrow. I want you to meet an old friend of mine who has just come from India, where she lost her husband. She thinks you were an old flame of hers in your boy-and-girl days. Her name is Edith Chalmers. Shall expect you at eight.

Hum!

We have received an appeal on behalf of the workhouse libraries. "Packed away on the shelves of many houses," says the writer, "are thousands of volumes that will never be read again by their owners. How much profit and pleasure they would bestow if they could be placed in the many workhouse wards of the Metropolis and provinces! It is impossible to realise the monotony of workhouse life unless from experience, but much could be done to brighten the lives of the inmates, and at no greater sacrifice than the gift of a few books."

ART NOTES.

The winter exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, although nominally restricted to sketches and studies, is often as interesting as the summer show of finished pictures. In fact, it would be difficult in the majority of cases to decide the exact limits of a "sketch" from the careful treatment which apparently comes naturally to masters of the art; and the present exhibition is no exception to the general rule, although we seem to trace in too many instances the effects of an ungenial summer, which has kept the artists in their studios, instead of calling them to fresh inspiration direct from nature.

In the absence of any work by Mr. A. W. Hunt, who stands "superior and alone" among the painters of poetic landscape, Mr. Albert Goodwin finds himself without a rival—unless it be the deceased Mr. Charles Robertson, whose little gem of "Axmouth, Devon" (74) reveals qualities of which his short career had given only the promise. Mr. A. Goodwin's contributions, twelve in number, bear witness to a subtle sense of colour and a boldness of touch which secure him from the dangers of monotony and repetition. It shows a more than usual range of sentiment to realise scenes so opposed as the sun-lit poppy fields of Antibes, the watery gloom of an autumn evening in Bristol, and the sharp crispness of midday at Berne, and to do justice to such varied conditions of light and atmosphere. In his curious outline study of Wells Cathedral

or their outskirts, abundant materials for his clever and often incisive work. Mr. Thomas Rooke progresses each year in his happy memories of old Normandy towns, and this year illustrates Lisieux in a manner worthy of its fame and beauty. Sir Oswald Brierly contributes a spirited sketch of the yachts assembled at the Nore in 1887 to sail the Jubilee Race; and Mr. Charles Fripp continues to unfold the simple charms of child-life in Japan with a true sense of humour. Among the figure-subjects set in nature, however, few can compete with Mr. George Clausen's "Cloverfield" and "Cornfield," in which he lays down firmly the conditions under which peasant life can be pictorially as well as truthfully depicted, without a slavish adherence to the methods of J. F. Millet or Bastien-Lepage. Mr. Burne Jones's studies for his picture of the "Star of Bethlehem," and Mr. Fred. Shield's drawings for church decoration, distinguish themselves as being out of the ordinary style of contributions to this exhibition, at which numerous "old stagers," whom it is unnecessary to name, have acquitted themselves with their accustomed skill in the use of water colours.

The London County Council has to decide for the first time on a question of pure taste, and it owes to its electors a proof that its judgment can be trusted. A site is required for the equestrian statue of Lord Strathnairn, which Mr. Onslow Ford has almost completed, and, as may be supposed, two or three districts are claiming the privilege of having it erected within

"The Voyage of Columbus." By E. Nesbit, with illustrations by W. and F. Brundage and J. Pauline Santer (Raphael Tuck and Sons).—This imposing souvenir of the four-hundredth anniversary of America is presented in a thoroughly international form. Presumably composed and designed in America, the process adopted for the colour-printing is obviously German, and it is published by an English firm. It is impossible to recognise a very high order of ability in either the scheme of the book or in its illustrations, although in the latter case some of the children, especially Miss Santer's, have graceful attitudes and pretty faces. The idea, however, of having the discovery of America told by fairies, while it would have been so much easier to have made it dreamt by children recalling a history lesson, detracts in a great measure from the charm of the book. We are very far from wishing to stuff children, at Christmas especially, with indigestible facts, but even children recognise the delights of the possible. The illustrations—which are, by the way, good specimens of a popular form of colour-printing—show very little historical or geographical accuracy, and might lead the critical child into hopeless confusion respecting the real Columbus and his voyages.

What is being done about the memorial to Randolph Caldecott? It is now something like three years since the money was subscribed, the site in St. Paul's settled, and the commission given to Mr. Gilbert—the sculptor, not the play-



"WHIST! THE BOGIE MAN!"—BY F. FISHER.

FROM MR. MENDOZA'S BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

and market-place, Mr. Goodwin has, we think, failed to convey the rich colours of the red sandstone of which that beautiful cathedral is built, and his study from Dordrecht smells rather too much of the lamp. Mr. Matthew Hale most nearly approaches Mr. Goodwin as a painter of poetic landscape, and his view of Bristol from the muddy banks of the Avon is full of power and beauty. His Italian sketch of Varenna, on the Lake of Como, is cold and sunless; but otherwise an excellent instance of his skill as a draughtsman. Mr. Tom Lloyd is even more strongly represented, and each year he seems to come nearer to his model, the late Frederick Walker. In both "Early Spring" and "Showery Weather" he is especially happy in his delicate touch of grass and foliage, and in a truer treatment of clouds than his master ever reached. Mr. Herbert Marshall still insists upon the paintable qualities of London and its suburbs, and reveals beauties where they lurk unperceived by the hurrying passer-by. He has, however, added to his "répertoire" the fantastic Bavarian city of Rothenburg on the Taube, ignored by guide-books and (consequently) neglected by tourists, but, nevertheless, one of the quaintest and best-preserved remains of mediaeval cities in Germany. In like manner, Miss Clara Montalba, while faithful to her beloved Venice, and drawing from its golden glories fresh delights, has discovered at Cividale, a suburb of Friuli, of fatal beauty and renown, a new source of inspiration, where, it may be hoped from the present specimens, she may free herself from some of the exaggerated tones which often mark her Venice work. Mr. Robert Allan, who by turn has illustrated Scotch fisherfolk, Picardy ploughmen, and Burgundian vine-growers, has gone eastward, and finds among the streets of Indian cities,

their limits. The vacant pedestal in Trafalgar Square is by tacit consent reserved for a royal personage, and it would be obviously unfair to Mr. Onslow Ford to place his work, on which £2000 only has been expended, at Hyde Park Corner, in close proximity to Sir Edgar Boehm's Wellington, which cost about £12,000. The junction of the Kensington and Brompton Roads, near to the Knightsbridge Barracks, however, offers an almost unique site for a statue of such importance. The huge block of buildings just completed must, of course, dwarf any work, however simple or majestic, placed under its shadow, but in London no spot can be found without some drawbacks, and the Knightsbridge site offers so many compensating advantages that we trust it will be preferred over its rivals.

A "Book of Drawings," privately printed by Mr. and Mrs. F. Trehawke Davies, is one of the many pleasant offerings of the well-to-do to relieve the wants of their less favoured brethren. Nearly a score of drawings, for the most part excellent etchings, have been contributed by many artists, and are now reproduced in a style which will make this volume highly prized by collectors. Mr. Walter Wilson, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mrs. Louise Jopling, are well represented, but Mr. Herbert Railton's study of "Ightham Mote," one of the most picturesque houses in Kent; Mr. A. T. Elwes's study of penguins, "who have seen better days"; and Mr. Bernard Partridge's "Pile on Face"—the study of a Pierrot—full of character and cunning, are among the gems of an attractive volume. The price charged for the limited number of copies issued, although small, will realise a sum which will carry gladness and comfort to many who, without its help, may be passing a sad Christmas season.

wright. One half of the money was, if we mistake not, paid over at the time the design was selected; and it is not expecting too much of those who practise the "Ars longa" to find that, after so long an interval, something has been done to satisfy the just expectations of the not too impatient subscribers.

Mr. Onslow Ford's statue of Shelley, originally intended for the Protestant cemetery at Rome, will, after all, remain in this country. Difficulties have arisen as to the site, and Edward Trelawny's daughter claims the right of her father to maintain intact the monument which the latter erected to his friend, and by whose side his own remains are placed. We are not disposed to find fault with Mrs. Coll for desiring to preserve intact the simple slab with Leigh Hunt's inscription "Cor Cordium"; and most certainly Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful work would have completely overshadowed the original stone. The monument, when completed, will, therefore, be erected at Oxford, and under such protection as will ensure it from exposure to the weather. Overtures were made to Lady Shelley to allow it to be erected at Via Reggia, where it is proposed to raise some monument to commemorate the sad tragedy which took place there on July 8, 1822; but there were reasons which opposed themselves to this course. If the Shelley Society is anxious to celebrate the centenary of the poet abroad as well as at home, it might erect a replica of the Oxford monument on the seashore of the Bay of Lerici, and thus the country of his birth and the country of his choice would bear witness to the honour which, denied to him when living, has been accorded to him after death.

ACROSS THE GREAT GOBI DESERT.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

At one of the places where we halted, I had a rather curious experience of the Mongolian style of taking tea. Accompanied by one of the Cossacks, who spoke the language of this country, I visited a Mongol who was rather a

load about. During the whole time I was in the desert I did not fire off more than one hundred rounds, and these with but a very poor result—still, what I did get was large, and helped to increase our larder. From what I saw it struck me that

there is really very little sport to be got in the Gobi. It is true one often saw in the distance many herds of antelope, but, owing to the flatness of the country and the entire absence of cover, it was almost impossible to get even within range of them. If I had been a dead shot at, say, eight hundred or nine hundred yards, I might perhaps have done some execution, but, unfortunately, I am not. There was also a species of bird something like a very large wild goose, which the Cossacks called "Kuritze," which was splendid eating, not unlike venison. I managed to get some of these with my rifle, as they were not so shy—one in particular must have weighed thirty or forty pounds, and it lasted us several days. Some districts abounded with a

curious animal not unlike a rabbit, which the Mongols called "Tarbargan." These were easily got, probably because they were no good for eating purposes, even the Mongols refusing a couple I shot. Other parts of the desert were simply covered with large mounds, which the Cossacks told me were made by "Koshki," a sort of wild cat which burrows in the ground. I never, however, saw any of the animals, though we were passing through their haunts for days. Small green lizards seemed to thrive everywhere, even in the most arid places; in fact, I don't think I ever saw so many before. A peculiar kind of beetle, which covered the ground in great numbers, seemed confined to a certain district or undefined zone, for once out of it they disappeared. Often in the early morning, when the sleeping caravan was aroused to prepare for the start, wolves would be seen prowling around at a short distance from us; but they always got away before I could get the sleep out of my eyes and my rifle ready. So it cannot be said that the animal life in the Gobi is extensive enough to be considered good sport, or sufficient to enliven the monotony of travelling across it. Of course, I am speaking only from my experience on the caravan route.

On May 15 we reached a post-station which stands at a

place called "Oud-en," exactly in mid-desert, consisting of a couple of "yurts," in charge of a Russian. It would be impossible to imagine anything more unutterably lonely and dreary than this little station. For miles before we reached it the desert was simply a vast expanse of bare rocks, without the slightest sign of vegetation to break the monotony of their dull muddy-grey colour. It almost appeared as if the most bleak and wretched spot had been purposely chosen for the "post-station," for there was not even a Mongolian "yurt" within miles, and even the nearest water was some distance away. I could not help thinking that exiled to the most far away Siberian villages would be preferable to the awful existence here, while the life of the Cossacks in charge of the mail, continually on the march, was one of positive gaiety compared to it. Still, the man living thus, of his own free will, was no old, broken-down individual, looking as though he was sick of the world, but a smart young fellow with very little of the hermit in his outward appearance, yet this is what to all intents and purposes he is, and for the wretchedly small pay of thirty roubles (£3 10s.) per month, out of which he had to keep himself! I learned that, with the exception of a Mongolian servant, he was quite alone and never saw a soul except when the homeward or outward-bound mail passed once a month. He had not got even a horse or a gun to help while away the time, and his stock of books, the poor fellow told me, he had read through and through many times during the three years he had spent in the station. What an existence! We stayed the night here, for our fresh camels had not arrived, and did our best to make a merry time of it, the postmaster giving us quite a feast, and



THE MID-DAY HALT.

swell in his way, for his "yurt," which I had been anxious to see, was fitted up with some pretensions to style. We seated ourselves in the usual manner on the ground, and our host, after a few minutes, of course offered us the inevitable tea. This was what I wanted particularly to avoid; but there was no getting out of it this time. A particularly unwholesome, old-looking hag then dived into the gloomy recesses of a sort of cupboard, and produced three wooden bowls, containing some greasy-looking compound, which she forthwith proceeded to clean out with her grimy fingers, finishing up by polishing vigorously with the tail-end of her gown. These tasty receptacles were then placed before us on the ground and were filled with some vile liquid, which bore no resemblance to the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." However, it would have been an insult to the man to have refused his hospitality; so for the next five minutes I was racking my brain how to get out of even sipping his awful stuff. My companion, who was used to Mongolian customs, was not so delicate in his tastes, and managed to get through his bowl all right, at the same time advising me to try and do likewise with mine, so as not to offend the man. Providentially, however, at this moment someone came to the door of the "yurt" to speak to our host, and we all got up. I immediately took advantage of the opportunity quietly to empty the contents of my bowl into a dark corner near me. We shortly after took our leave, in spite of the old Mongol's pressing invitation to stay and have a drop more tea. When we got outside the "yurt," my companion, who had not noticed my manoeuvre but had observed the empty bowl, remarked that he knew I would like Mongolian tea if I once tried it!

Although I had a Winchester rifle and a fowling-piece with me, and a store of ammunition, the sport I managed to get never compensated me for the bother of carting the heavy



POST-STATION IN THE DESERT.

producing a large bottle of some awful stuff, which I learned was "Chinese vodka," to wash it down with. Somehow, though, laughter seemed out of place in this remote solitude; the death-like silence outside filled every pause in conversation. The Gobi is no place for frivolity!

(To be continued.)



TAKING TEA WITH A LAMA IN MONGOLIA.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

I have received from Messrs. Henry Milward and Sons, of Redditch, a handsome morocco case of needles, a facsimile of the cases which were presented to the lady guests at the recent dinner of the Needle-makers' Company. It contains needles of all sizes and for all uses—darners, straw, rug, crewel, chenille, &c., including specimens of their celebrated "callyx-eyed" needles, which are said to be "a boon and a blessing by those whose failing eyesight makes needle-threading a tiresome operation. As all the needles are gilt-headed, they make a gallant show.

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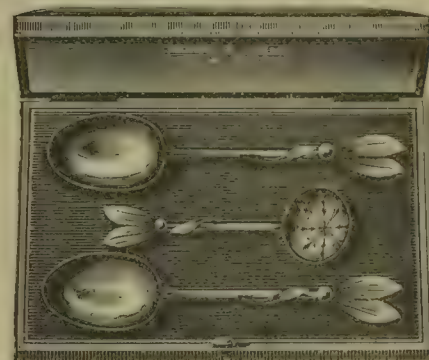
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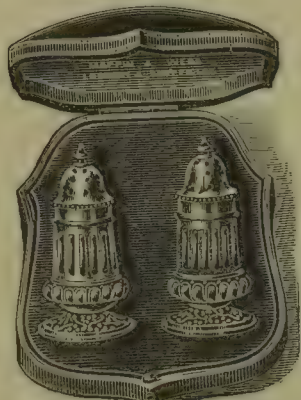
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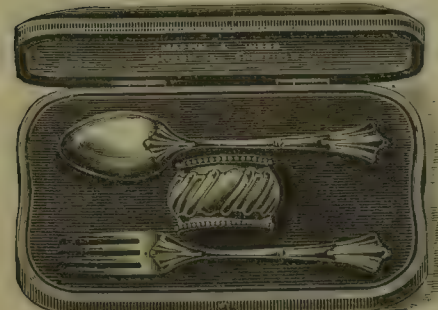
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The festive season, which is close upon us, represents a period of the year when the good old-fashioned ghost, as well as the more modern spectre, together with the hypnotic mystery and the story of the dream that came true, all find favour in the eyes of the people. The Christmas ghost is, of course, as seasonable as the frost, and never fails to make its advent in the "annuals" which, in increasing numbers, appeal year by year to everybody at holiday time. But, as a fervent and most conscientious reader of all the stories in the Christmas numbers, I can detect a subtle change coming over the spirit of the statutory Christmas ghost story. Like most things else in this world of ours, the old-fashioned spectre is giving way to a newer type of phantom. The ancient "ghost" is evolving (or being evolved) into the modern "phantasm." We are getting very learned and very scientific in most of our stories nowadays. We find the motive to a murder no longer in the common passion of jealousy or revenge, but in an induced hypnotic state, modelled on the experiments of Charcot at the Salpêtrière. Thus science is invading the sphere of the novelist to a greater degree year by year. Cases of double personality (the *folie à deux* of the French), of lapsed memory, and other mental states of abnormal kind are bodily transferred from the pages of our text-books to those of the novel.

I have said the Christmas ghost story has nowadays become a critical analysis of a by-way in psychology, and this also is the effect of science culture. But, with all the explanatory treading in such by-ways, there remains, of course, a residue of facts so called, which the narrators of ghost stories, realised dreams, and allied recitals hold to be altogether above scientific explanation. Far be it from me, as a humble scientist, walking daily in matter-of-fact pathways, to maintain that science can explain everything. I am too modest an individual and much too enthusiastic a scientist even to suggest such an idea—only, I do wish some of my dream-relating, ghost-seeing friends would share my modesty, and remember that, when they so boldly declare their belief in this apparent impossibility or that, science is no more obliged to accept their particular view of things than they are compelled to agree with the scientist. Above all, with this epidemic of ghost stories and dream-recitals upon us, would it not be well for us to bear in mind, at least, two common-sense points? First, it is terribly easy to be wise after the event. Let any reader of mine attempt to write down a full, true, and particular account of some event in his history, which happened, say, a year gone by, and he will find it is not quite so easy a matter as might be supposed to satisfy his conscience that every detail is absolutely correct. Even with a splendid memory, we are apt to miss a little point here or to be uncertain about a little item there, and we build up our story accordingly as an apparently stable edifice, which none the less has its flaws. Whenever I hear a man vouching "on soul and conscience," and ready to swear affidavits by the dozen to the truth of what he says about ghosts and dreams, a long experience in analysing such stories causes me immediately to regard him as a very dangerous witness. He is too confident. It is the cautious and the wise who are troubled by doubts.

Then there is a second point about dreams and phantoms, which a goodly number of readers of the recent recitals should bear in mind. Science has its own explanation to give of ghosts and ghost-seeing, and it may form a piece of reading as interesting as anything which one can meet with in the

annuals to peruse the actual accounts which are given of cases of ghost-seeing by scientists themselves. In a book like Carpenter's "Mental Physiology," for instance (or, if I may be allowed to add, in my own "Studies in Life and Sense"), there will be found collated many notable incidents of ghost-seeing, and an exposition of the conditions on which the beholding of visions depends. Briefly stated, our explanation of phantasms of the living depends on the fact that our sensations of sight and hearing, ordinarily derived from the outer world (and caused by light-waves and sound-waves being received by eye and ear, and transmitted to the brain), may be reversed. In the latter case, the brain seems to possess a power of projecting forwards upon eye or ear the images or impressions of things once seen or heard, or of things which are the products of our fancy free. This is what is called "subjective" sensation, as opposed to "objective" sensation, which is the result of our contact with the outer world.

When Macbeth sees the dagger in the air, he is suffering from his subjective sensation, which is projecting forwards from the background of his consciousness the vision or image of a dagger. It is through the same nervous mechanism that a blow on the eye causes us to see sparks, or that we become conscious of a ringing in our ears. We know that neither the sparks nor the ringing have any objective or outward and real existence. They are part of our own personality. Nobody is conscious of them save ourselves. The sparks are the "ghosts" of light-waves, as the ringing in the ears is the "ghost" of a sound; and when a man tells me he saw his deceased grandmother sitting in a chair before him, I do not doubt his word or veracity for a moment. What I do say to him is: "My good friend, some part of your brain has projected on your eye's background the image of your respected and venerable relative, and you have been able, through some phase or other of your brain action, to reproduce that image as if it were external to yourself. Your grandmother's ghost is simply a subjective sensation."

But there are other mysteries offered in the annuals for our delectation and discussion, and already at our dinner parties the conversation has become esoteric and psychological. In the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mark Twain has an article on "Mental Telegraphy," which is certain to save many a family symposium from becoming a dull function at the festive season. That story of Mr. William H. Wright's letter to Mark Twain is, I confess, ordinarily inexplicable, save on some telepathic theory, or, in plain language, on the supposition that the thought of one brain may be transferred to some other receptive brain, distant, it may be, many hundreds of miles off. Now, I say "ordinarily inexplicable," because I am far from admitting we have got to the end of our tether either in the matter of knowing what thought is, or how nerve force is related to the other forces of the universe, physical and vital alike. There are, however, such things in this world as coincidences, and many of them are quite as strange and striking as anything I have ever heard of occurring in dream or in story. I mean that we do not make a wonder of such coincidences. We simply relegate their explanation to the doctrine of chances, and to those interweavings of one life with another which make up the warp and woof of our complex existence. Be that as it may, one cannot hope to convert everybody to one's own way of thinking, and I confess I am still a sceptic about dreams, ghosts, and telepathy. It takes a far finer brain than mine, at least, to draw the nice distinction between the dreams that are sheer nonsense and the dreams that come true.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 25, 1891), with a codicil (dated Oct. 6 following), of the Right Hon. Ann, Dowager Viscountess Hill, late of 5, Palmeira Square, Hove, Sussex, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Nov. 26 by Mrs. Fanny Melita Kyndersley and Lewis John Berger, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9135. The testatrix leaves her diamonds, and a small ring set with rubies given by the Pretender to Sir Richard Hill, to her son, Viscount Hill, for life, and then to the persons who shall successively succeed to the title and dignity; £1000 to her grandson the Hon. Rowland Richard Clegg Clegg-Hill; and legacies to maid and butler. There are numerous specific bequests of jewellery, &c., and the residue of her estate she gives to her grandson the Hon. Francis William Clegg Clegg-Hill.

The will and codicil of the Right Hon. Thomasina Jocelyn, Dowager Countess of Donoughmore, late of 52, South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on May 7 at 17, Montagu Square, were proved on Nov. 28 by the Hon. Granville William Hely-Hutchinson, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4316.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Kincardine, of the general deed of settlement, executed Oct. 29, 1884, of the Right Hon. John, Viscount Arbuthnot, of Arbuthnot House, Kincardineshire, who died on May 26, granted to his son, John, tenth Viscount Arbuthnot, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on Nov. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £18,000.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1888) of Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., late of Rostellan Castle, in the county of Cork, who died on Oct. 7, was proved in London on Dec. 1 by Dame Katherine Elizabeth Hennessy, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator devises the Rostellan Castle estate to the use of his wife, for life, and at her death settles same on his son Herbert Pope Hennessy. He directs his freehold property known as Ralegh's House, Youghal, all his freehold estate in Borneo and in the islands adjacent to Labuan, and the residue of his real estate to be sold, and the proceeds to go with his residuary personal estate. His furniture and effects and £300 he bequeaths to his wife; £1000, upon trust, for his mother and his sister Mary Hennessy, for their lives and the life of the survivor of them; and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to one third, for his said son Herbert Pope Hennessy, and, as to two thirds, for his son Hugh Patrick Ignatius Pope Hennessy.

The Irish Probate of the will (dated Dec. 6, 1890) of Mr. Henry Samuel Grubb, late of Clashleigh, Clogheen, in the county of Tipperary, who died on Oct. 14, granted at Dublin to Louis Henry Grubb, the son and sole executor, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths various railway preference and other stocks amounting to £8200, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Grubb, for life or widowhood; £500 to her when she ceases to reside at Clashleigh; and £800 to the trustees of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, upon trust to invest the same and pay the income to the clergyman of the Protestant parish church of Clogheen. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated March 17, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 14, 1888), of Mr. William Cubitt, J.P., late of Fallapit Mounts, Totnes, Devon, who died on Oct. 23, at 17, Prince's

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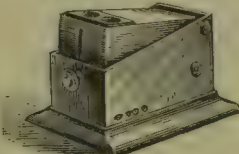
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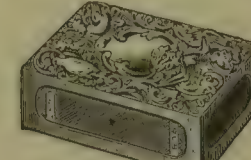
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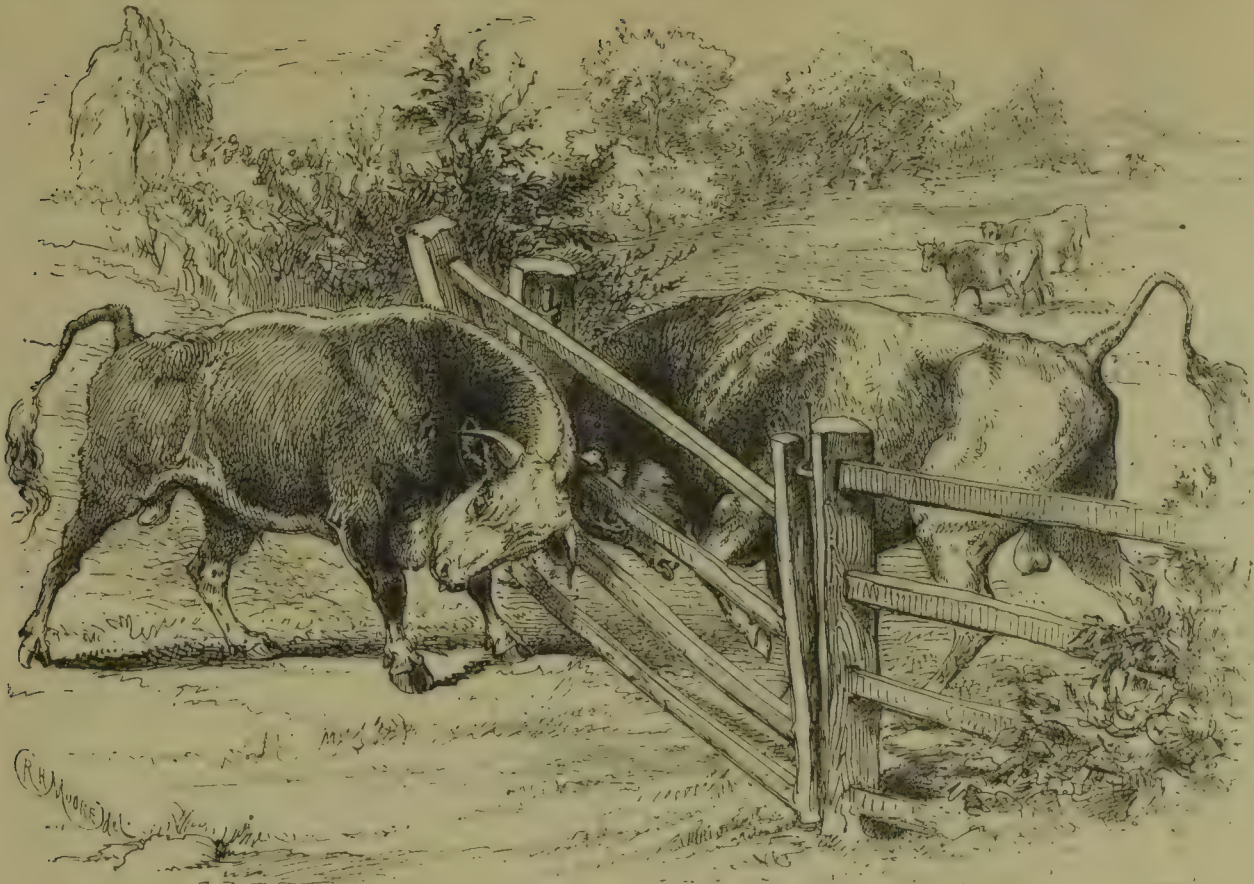


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Gate, Kensington, was proved on Dec. 1 by the Right Hon. George Cubitt, the brother, and John Hopgood, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his horses, carriages, furniture, pictures, chattels and effects to his wife, Mrs. Frances Cubitt; £1000 each to Thomas George Cuthell and Charles Edward Cuthell; £500 to his executor, Mr. Hopgood; an annuity of £250 to his cousin, Richard Dansey Bayley; an annuity of £65 to his coachman; annuities of £10 each to his farm steward and foreman; and legacies to domestic and outdoor servants, workmen, and labourers. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or so long as she shall continue his widow; in the event of her marrying again he gives her an annuity of £250, and subject thereto for all his children. In default of children, he gives the residue to the daughters of his said brother, George.

The will (dated March 31, 1890) of Mr. Henry Parnell Moore Despard, late of 41, Earl's Court Square, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Nov. 26 by Ebenezer Robert Butler, M.D., and Walter David Davies, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton Road; £200 each to St. George's Hospital and University College or North London Hospital; £100 each to Charing Cross Hospital and the Hospital for Women, Fulham Road; £12,000, upon trust, for his niece Geraldine Lizzie Hawkshaw Burrows, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint; £1500, upon trust, for his sister Philippa, for life, and then to his niece, Laura Burrows; and many other legacies. He devises the property known as Rathmore Lands, Queen's County, Ireland, to the Rev. George Despard, for life, and then to his son, the Rev. Arthur Despard. The residue of his property he gives to his said two nieces equally.

The will (dated June 1888) of Constantine Musurus Pasha, formerly Turkish Ambassador in London, late of Arnaout Keny, Constantinople, who died on Feb. 11, was proved in London on Nov. 26 by Stephen Musurus Bey, the son, an executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £25,000.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1886) of the Rev. Peter Peace, B.D., late of Devizes, Wilts, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Nov. 18 by Mrs. Mary Peace, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator gives all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1886) of the Ven. Thomas Henry Brain, D.D., late of Risley Rectory, Derbyshire, who died on

Oct. 14, was proved on Nov. 20 by John Badoock and the Rev. Gregory Bateman, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £10,000. The testator bequeaths the cash at his bankers' and such of his furniture and effects as she shall choose to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Sarah Brain. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children; but his daughter Fanny Jessie is to take a double share.

The will of the Right Rev. Thomas Valpy French, formerly Bishop of Lahore, and late of Chislehurst, Kent, who died on May 14, at Muscat, in Arabia, was proved on Nov. 21 by the Rev. Edmund Arbuthnot Knox, the son-in-law, and the Rev. Cyril John Valpy French, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6890.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The speech of the German Emperor to the Potsdam recruits has created such a sensation in Germany that for several days the newspapers have been full of comment on his Majesty's words, which, in truth, were startling enough, assuming them to have been correctly reported. As no official contradiction has been published, and as the semi-official *Post* said that the Emperor's utterances need cause no astonishment, the original report may be taken as an accurate one. Here, then, are the words which rang throughout Germany: "You have, my children, sworn fealty to me, which means that you have given yourselves to me, body and soul. There exists for you only one enemy, and that is my enemy. With the present Socialist agitation, it may possibly happen that I may have to order you—which God forbid!—to shoot down your own relatives, your brothers, and even your parents; but if I do so you must obey without a murmur." It is needless to add this speech has been severely criticised by the Liberal papers, which delight in giving it the widest possible publicity, even, it is said, adding words which were not given in the original report.

Prince Bismarck is still dissatisfied with the present policy of Germany, and loses no opportunity to let the world be informed of what he thinks of the statesmanship of his successor. A short time ago the report was started in a German paper, and reproduced by many European organs, that Count Herbert Bismarck would shortly be appointed German Ambassador in London. No credence, of course, was given to the absurd rumour; but it afforded Prince Bismarck an opportunity to air his views, and the *Hamburger Nachrichten* published a denial, in which it was said that Count Herbert Bismarck "could not accept an ambassadorial post in which

he would have to carry out the present policy of the Government."

The number of French residents in Alsace-Lorraine is gradually and steadily decreasing. In December 1885 there were 20,314 of them, while at this moment they are stated to be only 15,829. As a natural consequence, the number of young men who emigrate to avoid military service also decreases: in 1887 it was 1225, and in 1890, 721.

The British and German Delimitation Commission, whose duty it will be to determine the frontier between the respective spheres of influence of Great Britain and Africa, will shortly commence its labours. The British Commissioner is Consul Lieutenant C. S. Smith, R.N., and the German Commissioner, Dr. Peters.

The English Government has expressed, through Mr. Egerton, its thanks to the French Government for the honours rendered to the late Lord Lytton.

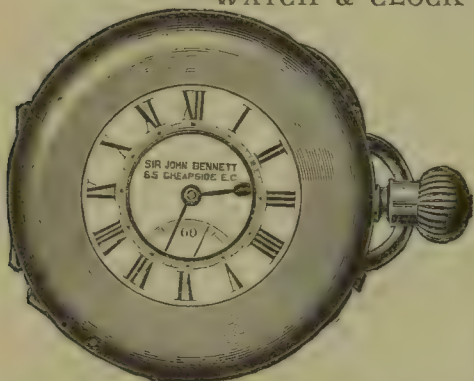
Tranquillity has been restored in the Lens district, and the miners have resumed work in all the coalpits; but another strike has broken out in the neighbourhood of Arras, and troops had to be sent to the locality to prevent disturbances. President Carnot has granted a free pardon to the miners who were imprisoned for breaking the law in connection with the Lens strikes.

France is certainly a pleasant country, but how much more delightful it would be were its sanitary legislation less backward! M. Constans, who seems to be quite alive to the necessity for improvements in this direction, is about to introduce in the Chamber of Deputies a Bill on this subject. The main features of M. Constans's Bill are: First, that a commune or parish found to be unhealthy shall be called upon to carry out the necessary works, and that, if it refuses, the Government may undertake them at the expense of the locality; second, that the owners of unsanitary houses may, in the same manner, be charged with the cost of works carried out by the Municipality; third, that Municipal bodies shall be required to provide a proper water supply; and lastly, that vaccination shall be compulsory for infants under twelve months, and the operation repeated on all persons at ten and twenty years of age.

A very atrocious murder was committed in Paris on Dec. 4. The Baronne Dellard, mother of a Chief of Department in the Ministry of War, was found dead with her throat cut, while her maid-servant was lying in a serious condition suffering from wounds inflicted by the murderer, who, with extraordinary coolness, made good his escape. From the account

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published by the French papers, it would appear that the Baronne Dellard was alone in her apartment, her servant being out shopping, when the murderer gained admission to her rooms. When the maid returned she heard footsteps in an adjoining room, and, being suspicious, went in to see who was there. She saw the murderer, near the body of her dead mistress, collecting the money and jewels he had found. He rushed at her, stabbed her several times, and, notwithstanding her screams and the alarm raised, succeeded in escaping, coolly telling the *conciierge*, who came out to see what was the matter, to shut the street-door behind him. This the woman did, and when a policeman, who lived in the house, rushed after the murderer, he had some difficulty in getting the door open, but, when he reached the street, the man had disappeared. He is stated by the *conciierge* to be a man of about twenty-five years of age. Baron Dellard, who was dining with some friends, only heard of the murder on coming home late at night, and was almost frantic with grief. The maid-servant is in a dangerous condition, but the doctors hope to save her life.

A few years ago, in January 1888, an English journalist named McNeill was murdered at Boulogne under mysterious circumstances. After nearly four years a clue has, at last, been found to the guilty parties, who, it is expected, will soon be arrested.

The Triple Alliance is a commercial as well as a political league. At all events, the commercial policy of the Central

Powers has been brought into close harmony, and new treaties of commerce have recently been concluded by them which practically amount to a Central European Zollverein or Customs Union. These treaties were, on Dec. 7, simultaneously submitted to the respective Parliaments of the countries interested, as if to show the perfect understanding which exists between them. Belgium also has concluded commercial treaties with Austria and Germany, but they differ in some particulars, so that Belgium cannot be said to have joined the Central European Zollverein.

As to the new Customs Union, it is decidedly anti-French, and Germany has taken care to grant no great reductions on those goods which form the bulk of French exports, for, according to the Treaty of Frankfurt, France enjoys the benefit of the most-favoured-nation clause.

The new treaties are to come into force on Feb. 1, 1892, and to endure for a term of twelve years, until Dec. 31, 1903. There will thus be introduced in Europe, for a dozen years at least, a stability of customs duties such as has not been known for some time. As to the effect for good or evil of the new commercial policy of the Triple Alliance, time alone will show whether the step just taken was a wise one or the reverse.

As announced some time ago, France being backward in her commercial negotiations, the Government has introduced a Bill in order to obtain the necessary powers to renew the existing

treaties and conventions now in force, but which expire in February 1892, and to apply the minimum tariff to the countries which give to French goods the most favourable treatment.

From China it is announced that the Imperial troops have defeated the rebels, 1100 of whom have been slain—a large number, considering they were said to be only 1500 in all. This number, it is true, has since been increased to 3000 by the victorious Chinese general. That the Chinese soldiers would make short work of the insurgents was always expected. But what is wanted is that adequate protection should be given to missionaries and foreigners residing in China, in accordance with the treaties entered into by the Chinese Government. As the Rev. David Hill, a well-known Wesleyan missionary, said a few days ago, the movement is not directed against missionaries as missionaries, but against all foreigners, whose expulsion is desired by certain official classes who make tools of so-called secret societies and rebels. The question, therefore, is whether the Chinese Government is willing (for there is no doubt as to its being able) to prosecute and punish the real authors of the troubles in central and north China. A short time ago, a place in the Province of Hoopoh from which placards and pamphlets against Europeans were being issued was discovered and indicated to the Chinese authorities. Their action or inaction will afford a good test of the sincerity of the Pekin Government in its declarations of readiness to protect foreigners.

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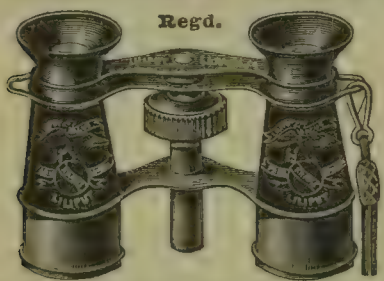
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LITERARY GOSSIP.

To have published within the same week the smallest editions extant of the two greatest books in the English language is no small achievement. That is what the Clarendon Press has done with James the First's Bible and Shakspeare. The Oxford Miniature Bible and the Oxford Shakspeare, both printed on India paper, are likely to be very much in demand as Christmas presents. They are charming books.

The interesting article which Mr. Matthew Arnold contributed to "Essays in Criticism" on "Maurice de Guérin" has been the means of sending a great many people to that writer's "Journal." The earlier American translation has long been out of print; but Messrs. Chatto and Windus may be congratulated upon adding a new translation—also American—to their dainty series known as "My Library."

Mr. George Allen will shortly publish a volume of "Early Prose Writings" of Mr. Ruskin, uniform with the poems. The volume will contain several plates from unpublished drawings by the author. Mr. William Morris is printing a little Ruskin volume at the Kelmscott Press—a selection from "The Stones of Venice," entitled "The Nature of Gothic Architecture."

Longman's Magazine, which is one of the most successful of the sixpenny monthlies, is to have as its serial for 1892 a

story by Mrs. Alfred W. Hunt, whose short stories have long been a delight to readers of that publication.

There is a "Study of George Meredith" in the December *Murray*. The writer, Mr. J. A. Newton-Robinson, says many true things well, and does not, in a general way, exhibit the customary conceit of the Meredithian, who is ever persuading himself that he is almost alone in his worship. We are, indeed, told that "One of Our Conquerors" is a book for the elect, which means that, in common with Mr. J. M. Barrie and one or two other good critics, the essayist has found pleasure in a work over which the booksellers are pulling long faces.

The fact is that had Mr. Meredith not published "One of Our Conquerors" there would be no justification for the assertion of the writer in the *Quarterly Review* (for October) that he is Scriptor Ignotus, "a treasury of good things which few will be at the trouble of unlocking." The public were becoming interested in Mr. Meredith: they were not actually buying his books as they bought Dickens or Thackeray, but the demand for the cheap edition was steadily rising. That large community, however, which patronises the circulating libraries had suspended its judgment. In the interval between "Diana" and "One of Our Conquerors" it had become curious, and the demand for "One of Our Conquerors" was very great indeed. But "few and weary were they" who succeeded in cutting the pages of the third volume. Nevertheless, "Richard

Feverel" and "Diana," "Harry Richmond" and "Evan Harrington," remain among the masterpieces of modern fiction.

In reference to a recent criticism in these columns of Mr. J. J. Hissey's "Across England in a Dog-Cart," the author writes: "There used to be an honourable custom for critics to read any work they criticised, and, even though they abused it, not deliberately to alter an author's meaning. At the very commencement of his notice of my drive across England, your critic says that it was taken in 'a brand-new dog-cart . . . drawn by a spanking pair of horses—none of your hired hacks, but the rattling thoroughbreds of a connoisseur of horse-flesh.' This in spite of the fact that I expressly state in my book (page 406) that the cobs I took were hired for the journey at two pounds a week; you cannot get 'rattling thoroughbreds' for that—at least, I cannot. The dog-cart was not 'specially constructed to carry an elegant lunch'; indeed, I am not quite sure what 'an elegant lunch' is. The book is intended to show, and I think that I have plainly shown therein, how cheaply such a delightful tour can be taken by *jobbing* horses, &c. I greatly regret that my simple account of a most enjoyable expedition should have given such manifest offence to your critic. Abuse I do not mind; but I do draw the line at any wilful misrepresentation or unfairness, and I cannot believe that a paper like the *Illustrated London News* would knowingly be a party to any such thing."

K.

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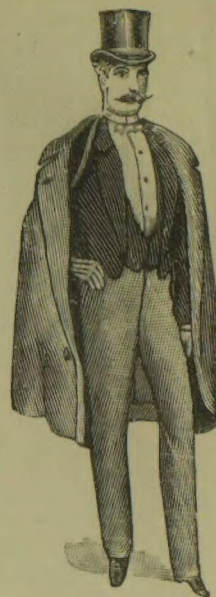
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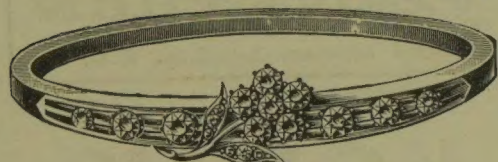
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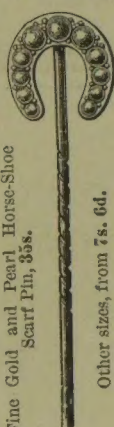
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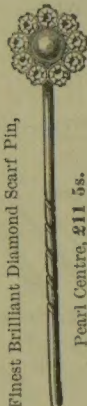
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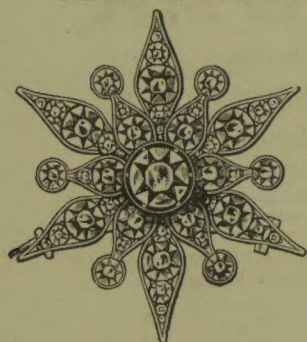
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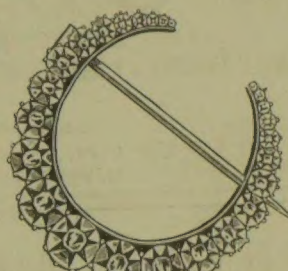
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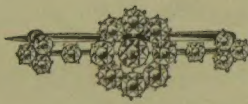
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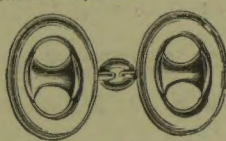
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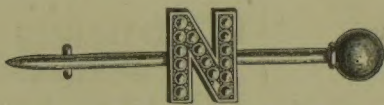
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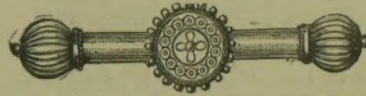
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